The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 122. Vol. XXI. NOVEMBER, 1901. Price Sixpence.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The next issue of THE BOOKMAN will be a CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER, bound in an art wrapper printed in colours, with three magnificent Illustrated Supplements. Price 1s. net. For full particulars see page 45.

News Notes.

Our readers will learn with dismay that Mr. Hardy has ceased to take interest in fiction, and does not mean to write any more novels. Happily, such decisions are reversible. Everyone will hope that the old impulse will assert itself, and that Mr. Hardy will again strike out in the paths of fiction.

The author of "The House with the Green Shutters," a Scottish novel which is now attracting attention, is Mr. G. B. Brown. He studied at Ayr Academy and Glasgow University. At Glasgow he gained a Snell scholarship, and proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. He has been for six years in London, steadily refusing appointments and supporting himself by ordinary journalistic work, always keeping in view his aim of becoming a novelist.

Sir Geo. Newnes has just left London for Egypt, where he will spend a portion of the winter. Amongst others who have just left London for the same destination is Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar. He is returning to his duties after his usual summer holiday spent in Scotland.

MR. THOMAS HARDY AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

From a photograph kindly supplied by Mr. Hardy and never before reproduced.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" will probably be one of the most widely circulated works of fiction published this season. Although it has now been before the public for some weeks, the demand for copies shows no signs of abating, and amounts to about 500 copies a day.

Although the third edition of "Sir Richard Calmady" is only just out, we understand the publishers are already making preparations for the issue of the fourth.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel is entitled "The Intrusions of Peggy." It will be published serially in this country in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and simultaneously in America in one of Messrs. Harper and Bros.' periodicals.

Miss Harraden is revising her novel, "The Fowler," and others of her books with a view to their publication in a new uniform edition to be issued by Messrs. Blackwood in 3s. 6d. volumes.

Miss Ada Cambridge's reminiscences, now being published serially in the *Empire Review*, under the title of "Thirty Years in Australia," will be published in book-form in the autumn of next year.

Mr. Bernard Partridge has been taking holiday in Italy, and, having now returned to town, will resume his cartoon work on *Punch*.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has broken down in health, and has had to relinquish all work for a time.

Miss Myra Hamilton, who has just published a volume of fairy stories through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is Mr. Pinero's step-daughter. She has written much and cleverly for *Cassell's Magazine* and others, and is the possessor of a very pretty fancy in the creation of children's stories. Her present volume, quite above the average of such work, is entitled "Fancy Far Land."

That golf and literature go hand in hand is demonstrated, says a correspondent, by the presence, the other day, at a popular professional golfers' tournament, of many prominent literary men, including the editors of no less than three of our foremost monthly magazines. And from America comes the news that the head of the famous house of Dodd, Mead and Co., in spite of a robust middle age, is among the keenest of golfers. Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, are, of course, closely associated with Scotland's national game.

There has been no work issued from the house of Cassell and Co. for some years which has had such a remarkable success as the first part of their "Living London," which Mr. George R. Sims is editing. Sir Wemyss Reid, by the way, sailed recently for America, where, it is understood, Messrs. Cassell and Co. are contemplating some extension of their American business.

The next volume of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s Highway Series will be devoted to Hertfordshire. The letterpress will be by Mr. Herbert W. Tompkins, and the illustrations by F. L. B. Griggs.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are preparing, and will

MR. H. PERCY ROBINSON.
The new manager of Messrs. Isbister and Co., Ltd.

bring out almost immediately, a fine paper edition of Hall Caine's "Deemster." It will be uniform with "Cloister and the Hearth" and "Never too Late to Mend," and Stevenson's "Men and Books" which Messrs. Chatto and Windus have lately issued, and which have been so successful.

We have great pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Mr. H. Percy Robinson, the new manager of Messrs. Isbister and Co.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. expect to publish in the early part of November Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new novel, "The Making of a Marchioness."

Miss Una Silberrad's new novel, "Princess Puck," will not be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. until early next year.

Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons are adding to their Miniature Lives of Painters Series three more volumes, "Burne-Jones" and "Romney," which will be published immediately, and "Watteau," which they expect to bring out in December.

Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower has just finished for Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons "A History of the Tower of London," the first volume of which deals with the Normans, Plantagenets, and Tudors. The book will be demy 8vo, and will be profusely illustrated. It will probably appear during the course of November.

Mrs. L. T. Meade's new novel, "A Stumble by the Way," will not be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus until next year. The same firm have in the press a new work by the author of "How to be Happy though Married," which he is calling "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," and which will probably be published very shortly.

Mr. Heinemann expects to publish before the end of the year a new volume by the author of "Mr. Dooley."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are producing a limited edition de luxe of "The Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath," illustrated by Hugh Thomson. It will be a quarto book, bound in white buckram.

The publication of "Garden of Olives," Kassandra Vivaria's (Mrs. Heinemann) new novel, has been postponed until the beginning of next year.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have started a new series of two-shilling novels, which appear likely to be very successful. They are well bound in the best cloth with decorative and attractive covers. The books also have the now popular and up-to-date flat back. Among those already issued are:—"Dora Myrl: the Lady Detective," by McD. Bodkin, K.C.; "The Records of Vincent Trill of the Detective Service," by Dick Donovan; "Dark Deeds," by Dick Donovan; "The

The rains having passed, the uplands were dry. The wheels of the dairyman's spring-cart, as he sped home from market, licked up the pulverized surface of the highway, & were each followed by white ribands of dust, as if they had set a thin powder-train on fire. The cows jumped wildly over the five-barred barton-gate, maddened by the gad-fly: Dairyman Chick kept this shirt-sleeves permanently rolled up past his elbows from Monday morning till Saturday night: Open windows produced no effect in ventilation without open doors, & in the dairy-garden the blackbirds & thrushes ~~feeded~~ slept about under the currant-bushes rather in the manner of quadrupeds than winged creatures.

A PORTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "TESS."
Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Hardy.

Waters of Edera," by Ouida; "The Lady from Nowhere," by Fergus Hume; "In London's Heart," by George R. Sims; "Joan, the Curate," by Florence Warden.

The dramatisation of "The Forest Lovers" does not appear to have been a success in New York. The play is being immediately replaced by one from the pen of Mr. Sydney Grundy. We hear that Mr. MacArthur's adaptation of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" has been played again recently at the "Theatre Republic" with quite surprising results. A very cordial support is now given to this production.

Thomas Hardy's theory that the immortals make sport of human beings goes back to Greek Tragedy. It was promulgated again, however, in the eighteenth century. The reader will find it in Dr. Johnson's famous review of "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," by Soame Jenyns. This review is a masterpiece of sarcasm and pleasantry, and justly received the praises of Macaulay. Jenyns imagined "that as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to some beings above us, *who may deceive, torment or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure or utility.*" Johnson's robust intellect makes great play with this fancy. "He might have shown that these *hunters, whose game is man*, have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim or the walls of Prague as we encircle a cock-pit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them perhaps are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma as a human philosopher in the effects of the air-pump. To swell a man with a tympany is as good sport as to blow a frog. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why." Johnson goes on to suspect that the merry malice of those beings finds means of enjoyment in the creation of authors. They make a poor wretch proud of his parts, and induce him to write, beginning perhaps with an ode or an epistle, and passing on to a treatise of philosophy. This explains to Johnson the production of most new books. "Many of the books which now crowd the world, may be justly suspected to be written for the sake of some invisible order of beings, for surely they are of no use to any of the corporeal inhabitants of the world. Of the productions of the last bounteous year, how many can be said to serve any purpose of use or pleasure?"

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph he has kindly supplied to THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Robert Hichens has gone to Tangiers for the winter. He is busy writing a new novel, which we hear is to be entitled "Felix." It will appear later on in Messrs. Methuen and Co.'s list.

Mr. Lovett Yeats, we regret to hear, has recently had to take a brief holiday owing to ill-health. He is now, however, better, and is at work on a new novel which is to run serially in one of the most popular monthlies.

Mr. Rider Haggard is hard at work preparing for publication in book-form his series of letters which recently appeared in the *Daily Express* under the title of "Back to the Land." The book is, we understand, to be published by Messrs. Longmans and Co.

The pictures of Mr. Hardy and of the places connected with his work reproduced in this number are, unless otherwise stated, from copyright photographs by Mr. Clive Holland.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

I.—ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 19TH, 1901.

Of the trade transacted during the past month by far the greater portion has consisted of 6s. novels, and although the sensational figure of ninety of these issues having been placed upon the market in one day, as innocently set forth by a daily contemporary, has not been reached, still, the output has undoubtedly been very large. Some sixty new volumes have appeared in this line during the month, a fair percentage having been by authors of established repute, and many of them have therefore commanded a ready sale.

"Kim," by Rudyard Kipling, has sold the most freely, nearly the whole of the first edition of 50,000 being disposed of; its popularity has also caused an increased demand for the other works of this author.

"The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," has been much in request, as also have "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker; "New Canterbury Tales," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Purple Cloud," by M. P. Shiel; "Flower and Thorn," by Beatrice Whitby; and "The Giant's Gate," by Max Pemberton.

"The Eternal City," "Herb of Grace," "History of Sir Richard Calmady," and "The Luck of the Vails" have continued to be in steady request.

"Light Freights," by W. W. Jacobs, has proved no exception to the customary success of that author's humorous productions; it has been in constant demand.

The success attendant upon the issue of various standard works, printed upon thin paper, and daintily bound in cloth and in leather, forming convenient volumes for the pocket, has led to a great variety of imitators, several of which have justified their appearance by their sales; but the most popular still continues to be the volumes of the New Century Library.

"MAX GATE," DORCHESTER. THE RESIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.

A continued demand has been experienced for "A Yeoman's Letters," by P. T. Ross, and "Five Years in Ireland," by M. J. F. McCarthy.

Among the "hardy annuals" few can so assuredly look for continued favour as Whitaker's Almanack, and the alteration to a *net* published price has in no way adversely affected this; indeed, the orders are larger than in recent years.

Scholastic literature has diminished in sale, but a fair number of works for technical classes have been in request.

Almanacks and diaries for the ensuing year have commenced to move freely.

With the wholesale houses this is essentially a month for accumulating the immense stocks, which will doubtless, as in former years, be cleared before the Christmas season closes, and prize books and gift books are pouring in from the various publishing houses. Works from the pen of those prolific purveyors for youthful minds, such as G. A. Henty, G. M. Fenn, Gordon Stables, and others, have already commenced to be sought after.

Another competitor for public favour in the series of pictures issued serially has appeared. The issue is to embrace the principal works in our national collections produced in colours, and, judging by the extensive orders already booked, a large measure of success is assured.

Sixpenny reprints still move freely, but although the orders are numerous the numbers ordered continue to show a steady decline.

Magazines and illustrated periodicals have sold well, but the sixpenny reprints have very materially affected the sales of many of the former class.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:—

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Benefactress. By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)
New Canterbury Tales. By Morris Hewlett. 6s. (Constable.)
The Purple Cloud. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Flower and Thorn. By Beatrice Whitby. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Giant's Gate. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
A Yeoman's Letters. By P. T. Ross. 5s. (Simpkin.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. net. (E. Howell.)
Gordon (A. L.) Poems. 6s. (Thompson.)
Various volumes of the New Century Library and The World's Classics.
Thoughts for Sundays. By Bishop Moule. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 5s. (Simpkin.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 21—Quiet in all departments.
" 28—A better week, notably in the Home trade.
Oct. 5—A good week in the Home trade, and somewhat more brisk in Export orders.
" 12—Fair average sales in both Home and Export.
" 19—Home trade good, but somewhat slack in Colonial and Foreign trade.

II.—SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 21ST, 1901.

Throughout the whole month a brisk business was done in school books, and as the various Universities resumed their classes the booksellers especially interested in class-books were kept fully occupied.

The leading publishing houses were early in making their announcements for the season, and in preparations for the Christmas trade.

The sales of "The Eternal City" were considerable, but the popularity of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" absorbed the attention of the trade, and led away, to a large extent, the interest excited in Mr. Hall Caine's book. Besides "The Eternal City" and "Kim" quite a number of good-selling novels claimed notice, such as "Herb of Grace," by R. N. Carey; "Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker; "Tristram of Blent," by Anthony Hope; "Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucas Malet; and "Deep Sea Plunderings," by F. T. Bullen.

At five shillings the leading novel was Guy Boothby's "Farewell Nikola," and at three shillings and sixpence, "Light Freights," by W. W. Jacobs, and Silas Hocking's "The Awakening of Anthony Weir," were most in request.

A considerable business was done in annual volumes, notably "Chatterbox," "The Boys' Own and the Girls' Own Annuals." Many beautifully illustrated children's books were published and stocked for Christmas sale. There were also inquiries and orders placed for Letts' and Campbell's Diaries for the coming year. Two war books were fortunate in attracting attention, namely, "The Diary of a Dug-out: or Experiences of a Reserve Officer," and "Through Rhodesia with the Sharpshooters."

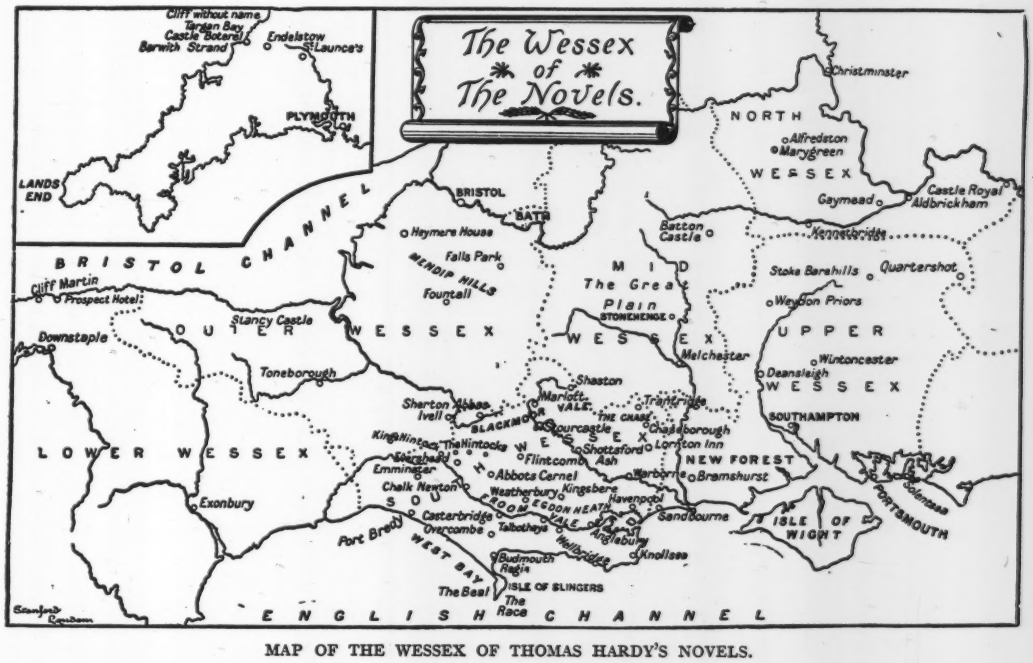
The sales of sixpenny reissues of popular works declined, but there was rather a brisk demand for several shilling books, such as "Thistledown," "Queer Stories from *Truth*," Barry Pain's humorous writings, and the volumes of "The World's Classics" Series.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," and also the same writer's volume on Alfred Tennyson, were well received.

Madge's "Book of Cookery" found a ready sale, and a shilling book, entitled "Things a Lady Wants to Know," sold in hundreds.

Much interest was shown in the following forthcoming religious works:—Rev. Dr. Watson's "Life of the Master," and Rev. Hugh Black's "Culture and Restraint," which are expected to be very popular in Christmas trade.

Magazine literature, of course, declined in circulation as the travelling season closed; but appreciation was expressed on all hands of Messrs. Cassell's "Nation's Pictures," and the sales of the new art monthly, *The Connoisseur*, far exceeded expectations.



MAP OF THE WESSEX OF THOMAS HARDY'S NOVELS.

Reproduced from the uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's works by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Brothers.

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The following is our list of best-selling 6s. books:—

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)
Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
Tristram of Blent. By A. Hope. (Murray.)
The Benefactress. (Macmillan.)
Herb of Grace. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Nest of Linnets. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson.)
Deep Sea Plunderings. By F. T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder.)
The Giant's Gate. By M. Pemberton. (Cassells.)

Miscellaneous.

Through Rhodesia with Sharpshooters. 3s. 6d. (Macqueen.)
The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By A. Lang. 18s. net. (Longmans.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Awakening of Anthony Weir. By S. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Farewell Nikola. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
Things a Lady Wants to Know. 1s. (Pearson.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

NOVEMBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

WE propose to devote some space each month to a Diary of Forthcoming Important Publications, giving, as far as possible, the approximate dates upon which the books will be issued. The following list gives particulars of some notable books which may be expected between November 5th and December 3rd.

November 5th.

Author of "The Master Sinner."—The Curse of Eden, 6/- *John Long*
CROMMELIN, MAY.—"A Daughter of England," 6/- *John Long*
SHERWOOD, MRS.—Ed. by M. E. Palgrave. The Fairchild Family, 6/- and 10/6 ..... *Gardner, Darton*
HANS ANDERSEN.—Tales from Hans Andersen, 6/- and 10/6 *Gardner, Darton*
LONDON, BISHOP OF.—Words from Under the Dome, 3/6 *Gardner, Darton*
AITKEN, REV. W. HAY, M.A.—The Ordinance of Prayer, 3/6 *Gardner, Darton*
HEWETT, REV. G., M.A.—The Open-Air Boy, 6/- ..... *Allen*
LAUGHTON, PROF. J. KNOX.—Sea Fights and Adventures, 6/- *Allen*
BEBB, REV. L. J. M.—Oxford University Sermons, 6/- ..... *Allen*
DICK, COTSFORD.—Society Snap Shots, 6/- ..... *Allen*
HAZLITT, WILLIAM.—The Round Table, etc. 1st vol. of Works in 12 vols. 7/6 net ..... *Dent*
NOYES, E.—Saints of Italy, 4/6 net ..... *Dent*
BIRCHENOUGH, M. C.—Private Bobs, 3/6 net ..... *Dent*
WILSON, DAVID MACKAY.—Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal, 7/6 ..... *Cassell*
BALL, SIR ROBERT, F.R.S.—The Earth's Beginning, 7/6 *Cassell*
TRAILL, H.D., Editor.—Social England. Vol. I. Illus. Ed. 12/- net ..... *Cassell*
SPIELMANN, M. H.—British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day, 5/- and 7/6 net ..... *Cassell*
CRANE, WALTER.—A Masque of Days, 6/- ..... *Cassell*
The Child's Bible. Newly Illus. 10/6 ..... *Cassell*
KEARTON, R., F.Z.S.—Strange Adventures in Dicky-Bird Land, 3/6 and 5/- ..... *Cassell*
LOFTIE, REV. W. J., F.S.A.—London Afternoons, 10/6 net *Cassell*
Cassell's Standard Library. First Twelve Volumes. 1/- net each *Cassell*
ARNOLD, E. LESTER.—Lepidus the Centurion, 6/- ..... *Cassell*
MONKHOUSE, COSMO.—Chinese Porcelain, 30/- net ... *Cassell*
ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath, 30/- *Macmillan*

November 6th.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—Fancy Free, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
GREEN, REV. PROF. E. T.—The Church of Christ, 6/- *Methuen*
STANLEY, ARTHUR.—Patriotic Song, 5/- ..... *Pearson*
GROSER, HORACE G.—Lord Kitchener, 2/6 ..... *Pearson*
HILL, HEADON.—The Peril of the Prince, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
PLATTS, W. CARTER.—Papa Limited, 3/6 ..... *John Long*
BAKER, ADA BARTRICK.—A Palace of Dreams, and Other Verse, 5/- ..... *Blackwood*

November 7th.

COOK, THEO., and Others.—Ice Sports, 5/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
INMAN, H. ESCOTT.—The Nidding Nod, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
LAKE, KATHARINE.—Memorials of the Very Rev. W. C. Lake, D.D., Dean of Durham, 1869-1894, 16/- .... *Edward Arnold*
OMAN, C. W.—Seven Roman Statesmen, 6/- ..... *Edward Arnold*
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Pen Pictures ..... *Allen*
CUMING, E. D.—Wonders in Monsterland, 6/- ..... *Allen*
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Lady Joan's Confession, 6/- *Digby, Long*
LANGBRIDGE, FREDERICK.—The Calling of the Weir, 6/- *Digby, Long*
BENHAM, CANON, & CHARLES WELCH, F.S.A.—Mediæval London, 5/- & 7/- net ..... *Seeley*
ARMSTRONG, SIR WALTER.—Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., 105/- net ..... *Heinemann*
FORBES, HON. MRS. WALTER R. D.—Dumb, 6/- *Chatto & Windus*

November 8th.

"Linesman."—Words by an Eye Witness. The Struggle in Natal, 6/- ..... *Blackwood*
HASSALL, ARTHUR.—The Spanish People, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*
KIPLING, RUDYARD.—Kim (Edition de Luxe), 10/6 net *Macmillan*
The Conference between Laud and Fisher ..... *Macmillan*

November 10th.

CARREL, FREDERIC.—Houses of Ignorance, 6/- .... *John Long*

November 11th.

BLACK, HUGH, M.A.—Culture and Restraint, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*
ARGYLL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF, K.T.—A Gift Book for the Home, 8/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
CHEVALIER, ALBERT.—Before I Forget, 16/- net *Fisher Unwin*
GRIFFITHS, D. R.—Elgiva, Daughter of the Thegn, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
MILLER, WILLIAM.—Mediæval Rome (Story of the Nations), 5/- *Fisher Unwin*
MARTYN, EDWARD.—The Tale of a Town and an Enchanted Sea, 5/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—Sister Beatrice, Ardiane, and Bluebeard, 3/6 net ..... *Allen*
HODGSON, F. C.—The Early History of Venice, 7/6 net ... *Allen*
CROMIE, ROBERT.—The New Messiah, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
WELLS, H. G.—Anticipations, 7/6 ..... *Chapman & Hall*
HARMER, E. G.—The Story of Burma, 1/6 ... *Horace Marshall*

November 12th.

MURPHY, NICHOLAS P.—A Corner in Bollybeg, 3/6 *John Long*
WHERRY, ALBINIA.—Stories of Tuscan Artists, 10/6 net *Dent*

November 14th.

ADELER, MAX.—Captain Bluitt, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
MEADOWS, ALICE M.—One Life Between, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
EVERED, PHILIP.—Stag Hunting with Devon and Somerset, 16/- net ..... *Chatto & Windus*

November 15th.

FREDERIKSEN, N. C.—Finland: Its Public and Private Economy, 6/- ..... *Edward Arnold*
MUDGE, G. P.—A Text-Book of Zoology, 7/6 ... *Edward Arnold*
COBBAN, J. MACLAREN.—The Green Turbans, 6/- *John Long*
MACKAY, REV. ANGUS M.—The Churchman's Introduction to the Old Testament, 3/6 ..... *Methuen*
HUTCHINSON, REV. H. N.—The Living Rulers of Mankind. Pt. II. 7d. ..... *Allen*
BRYANT, MARGUERITE.—The Princess Cynthia, 6/- ... *Cassell*
DICKENS, CHARLES.—The Uncommercial Traveller. The Mystery of Edwin Drood. Oxf. India Paper Edition. 2/6 net and 3/6 net ..... *Chapman and Hall and Henry Frowde*
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.—Complete Works, 3/6 (and Oxf. India Paper, 8/-) ..... *Henry Frowde*
BROWNING, ROBERT.—The Dramatic Lyrics, Romances, and Other Poems, 3/6 ..... *Henry Frowde*
HUGHES, REV. HUGH PRICE, M.A.—The Morning Lands of History, 6/- ..... *Horace Marshall*
CRAWFORD, MARION.—Adam Johnston's Son, 3/6 *Macmillan*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Fair Maid of Perth, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

November 18th.

LITTLE, MRS. ARCHIBALD.—In the Land of the Blue Gown, 21/- net ..... *Fisher Unwin*
DIGBY, WILLIAM, C.I.E.—"Prosperous" British India, 12/6 *Fisher Unwin*
AMBER, MILES.—Wistons, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
MANN, MARY E.—The Mating of a Dove, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
WALLACE, DR. ALFRED RUSSEL.—The Wonderful Century Reader, 2/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
HUGHES, R. E.—Schools at Home and Abroad ..... *Sonnenschein*
WHITEWAY, A. R.—Recent Object Lessons in Penal Service, 3/6 net ..... *Sonnenschein*
MILBURN, REV. G.—A Study in Modern Anglicanism, 3/6 *Sonnenschein*
DE SALMALLA, COUNTESS.—Under the Sword, 6/- *Digby, Long*

Only books of which the date of publication can be given are included in the Booksellers' Diary.

BULLEN, FRANK T.—The Apostles of the South-East, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*
GRANT, SADIE.—Folly at Cannes, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
SAINT TERESA.—Way of Perfection, 2/6 net ..... *Dent*
ROSS, JANET.—Florentine Villas, 63/- net ..... *Dent*
HALL, H. F.—Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, 7/6 net ..... *Dent*
MASSON, ROSALINE.—In Our Town, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

November 19th.

GILLIE, REV. R. C., M.A.—The Story of Stories, 6/- *A. & C. Black*
MITTON, G. E.—The Opportunist, 6/- ..... *A. & C. Black*

November 20th.

ROBERTS, JOHN.—Modern Billiards, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
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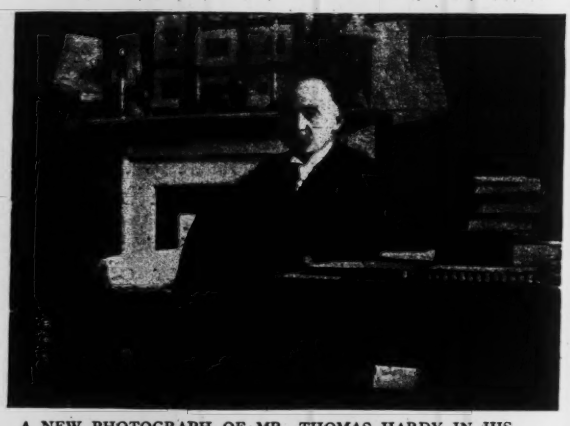
The Reader.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE MAN, HIS BOOKS, AND THE LAND OF WESSEX.

By CLIVE HOLLAND,
Author of "In Thomas Hardy's Country," etc.

OF the masters of the novelist's craft left us none exercises a greater attraction than Thomas Hardy. And yet the coming biographer will find very little material for his

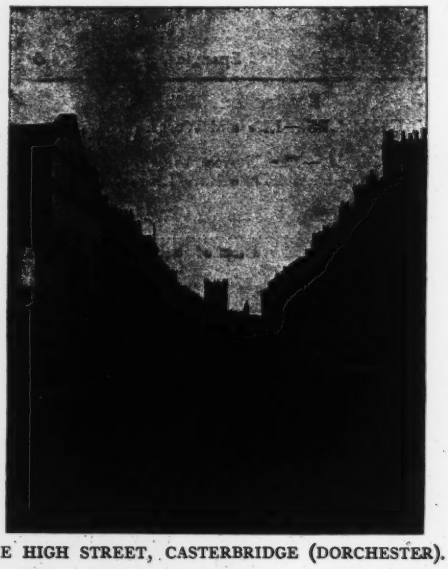


A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY AT "MAX GATE."

work. It is this very fact, his aloofness from man and the "madding crowd," and intimacy with Nature, that attracts the serious reader and student so irresistibly to him. Born just sixty-one years ago, on June 2nd, 1840, in the little village of Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, he may be said to have been cradled in the very heart of the Wessex he was destined to depict with such extraordinary vividness and make so world-famous. His name itself is a noted Wessex one, the ancient Grammar School of Dorchester having been founded, in 1579, by one Thomas Hardy. And although Mr. Hardy makes no claim to kinship, there can be little reason to doubt that his namesake of three centuries and a quarter ago is collaterally related to him, just as, doubtless, Nelson's Hardy (in whose features a distinct likeness to his own is traceable) was a branch of the main stock from which the novelist himself sprang.

Wessex has made out her claim to Mr. Hardy in quite as great a measure as he has established beyond all question his right to be considered her great and unique interpreter. He has left her for but inconsiderable periods of his life, and of late years these occasions have been more and more infrequent and still more brief.

Of Mr. Hardy's early life little is known, save that in youth he took the land of Wessex to his heart, studied her, and loved her, as have most of those whose genius of after years speaks of the very soil of its nativity. In 1857 he was articled to an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester, and during the following four or five years he devoted a large amount of his spare time to the study of the classics, and, somewhat strangely, to that of theological works. Traces of his acquaintance with the former are to be found in the classic proportions of his later books. Of his study of the latter, he says he became, during his architectural pupilage, involved in ecclesiastical controversies with some undergraduate friends, who were preparing for the Nonconformist ministry. These discussions were the means of leading him to an earnest and careful study of the Greek Testament. And for two years or more he was engaged in argument on the side of the English Church against the opposition of his Scotch undergraduate friends to the doctrines of Established Ritual and Infant Baptism. Years of storage for after fruitfulness must these early years have been; his many journeys into the surrounding villages, his contact with all sorts and conditions of Wessex folk, his work of overlooking the restoration of many churches, more especially in the southern portion of the county of Dorset, were all destined to produce fruit, when the young architect finally turned his back upon the profession for which he had been destined and became a novelist. But he must, nevertheless, have regarded his articled pupilship seriously, for in 1863 he won the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Brick and Terra Cotta Architecture," whilst studying in London under the famous architect and painter, Sir Arthur W. Blomfield, R.A., F.S.A., to whom he had come in 1860. In the same year he was successful in obtaining Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design. Although no further record exists of Mr. Hardy's attainments in his initial pro-



THE HIGH STREET, CASTERBRIDGE (DORCHESTER).

"There were timber houses with overhanging stories, whose small-paned lattices were screened by dimity curtains on a drawing-string, and under whose bargeboards old cobwebs waved in the breeze. There were houses of brick-nogging, which derived their chief support from those adjoining. There were slate roofs patched with tiles, and tile roofs patched with slate, with occasionally a roof of thatch"—"The Mayor of Casterbridge."

fession, he pursued it for at least a decade ere making his final choice between architecture and literature about the year 1874. During some portion of his residence in London

THOMAS HARDY.

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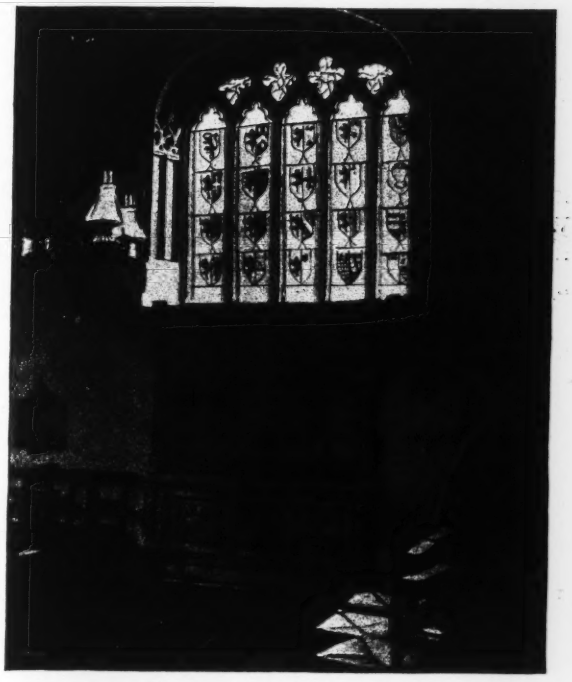
"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

THE OLD MILL AT WELLBRIDGE WHERE ANGEL CLARE STUDIED MILLING.

"The road led to the well-known ruins of the Cistercian abbey behind the mill, the latter having, in centuries past, been attached to the monastic establishment. The mill still worked on, food being a perennial necessity; the abbey had perished, creeds being transient. One continually sees the ministration of the temporary outlasting the ministration of the eternal."

"TALBOTHAYS." A TYPICAL WESSEX DAIRY FARM.

"Long thatched sheds stretched round the enclosure, their slopes encrusted with vivid green moss, and their eaves supported by wooden posts rubbed to a glossy smoothness by the flanks of innite cows and calves of bygone years, now passed to an oblivion almost inconceivable in its profundity."



THE D'URBERVILLE WINDOW IN KING'S BERE CHURCH.

"In the south wall of the church, the part of the building known as the D'Urberville Aisle, beneath which the huge vaults lay, . . . was a beautifully traceried window, of many lights, its date being the fifteenth century. It was called the D'Urberville Window, and in the upper part could be discerned heraldic emblems like those on Durbeyfield's old seal and spoon."

THE MEADS.

"The river slid along noiselessly as a shade, the swelling reeds and sedge forming a flexible palisade along its moist brink. To the north of the mead were trees, the leaves of which were new, soft, and moist, not yet having stiffened and darkened under summer sun and drought, their colour being yellow beside a green—green beside a yellow. From the recesses of this knot of foliage the loud notes of three cuckoos were resounding through the still air."

KINGSBERE (BERE REGIS).

"The spot of all spots in the world which could be considered the D'Urbervilles' home, since they had resided there for full five hundred years."

THE OLD ELIZABETHAN BRIDGE, WELLBRIDGE.

Over this bridge the phantom coach of the ancient D'Urbervilles passes at midnight once a year.

A PAGE OF PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE SCENES IN "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

the future novelist was a student of modern languages at King's College, and here commenced his acquaintance with

A CORNER OF THE CHASE (CRANBORNE).

"The soft azure landscape of the Chase—a truly venerable tract of forest land, one of the few remaining woodlands in England of undoubted primeval date, wherein Druidical mistletoe was still found on aged oaks, and where enormous yew-trees, not planted by the hand of man, grew as they had grown when they were pollarded for bows."—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

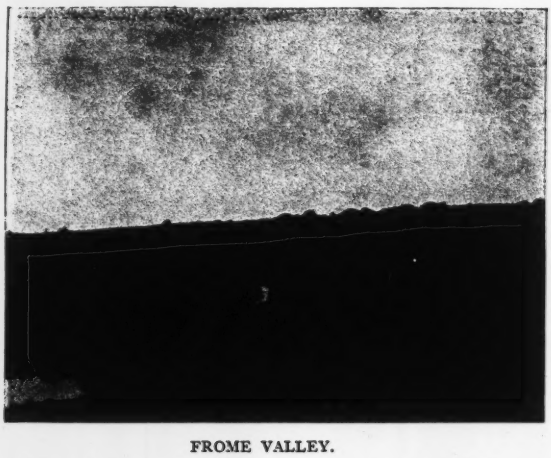
French literature, in which he still evinces a deep interest, and is well versed.

Before the final choice was made between architecture and literature Mr. Hardy had written a large quantity of verse, of which only one piece—"The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's: A Wessex Ballad"—appears to have been preserved. His first publication was an article, "How I Built Myself a House," which appeared, without signature, in *Chambers' Journal*, on Saturday, March 18th, 1865, a non-technical paper of a semi-humorous nature, recounting the adventures and misadventures of a young couple who built themselves a house. By a strange coincidence this was the same publication in which his great contemporary George Meredith's first work also appeared.

A period of some six years elapsed ere Mr. Hardy's first book, "Desperate Remedies," was issued by the firm of Tinsley Brothers, in three vol. form, during 1871. Although it did not attract any large amount of attention, it served to introduce a strong and sincere, if unpractised, writer to the reading public. This story was signed at first only by initials, and in view of the writer's early profession, it is worthy of note that three of the characters in the book are architects. A second edition was not called for till eighteen years after its first publication, although during this period it had been reprinted several times in the United States. In the following year the same publishers issued what still remains one of Mr. Hardy's most exquisitely written and pleasing stories, "Under the Greenwood Tree," although it did not reach to the dignity of a second edition till four years later. There could, however, be no doubt but that a rarely gifted writer had appeared upon the horizon of English literature, and his gifts met with generous appreciation in many of the more important papers. The following year saw the publication, firstly in serial form, of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," which, whilst by many considered to be distinctly inferior to "Under the Greenwood Tree," yet marked distinct progress for the novelist into public favour. In 1874 Mr. Hardy married Miss Emma Lavinia Gifford, daughter of J. Attersoll Gifford, Esq., and a niece of the then Archdeacon of London. The same year an anonymous serial in the *Cornhill Magazine*—"Far from the Madding Crowd"—attracted a large amount of attention, and upon its republication by Smith, Elder and Co. at the end of the year the name of Thomas Hardy was found upon the title page. This fine story, which has all the best qualities of Mr. Hardy's work, and is still, with possibly the exception of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the most widely-read and popular of his novels, not only seemed to have "fixed" the novelist's career, but to have definitely assured him a position in the forefront of the writers of the day, and to have secured for him a following of readers of serious fiction, which has steadily, though perhaps slowly, grown to its present-day proportions.

With the abandonment of architecture for literature Mr. Hardy may be said to have turned his back on the Metropolis as a place of permanent residence. The voice of Wessex was calling. To the meads he loved so well and already knew with that charming intimacy which comes from vagrant wanderings in early youth; to the quaint Wessex folk, compact of rough humour, strange superstitions, and old-world interests; to the region of the great dairies; to the exquisite Frome Valley, with its tortuous, slowly meandering river; and to the region of greenwood trees of Cranborne Chase, the novelist returned.

After leaving London, and before finally settling at Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy resided at "Riverside," Sturminster, Newton—the Stourcastle of the novels—for about two years, and then at Wimborne—the Warborne of "Two on a Tower"—for some years, till 1885. There they enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Kegan Paul and Judge Tindal Atkinson, two very dissimilar but interesting personalities. Since the year 1885 Mr. Hardy has resided in Dorchester, at "Max Gate," a charmingly situated house, which, overlooking the Frome Valley to the north, has also un-



FROME VALLEY.

"The waters, in creeping down these miles of meadow-land, frequently divided, serpentining in purposeless curves, looping themselves around little islands that had no name, returning and re-embodying themselves as a broad main stream further on."—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

interrupted views of the Dorset sea-coast uplands to the south. Built upon the ground many centuries ago occupied by the Romans, when Dorchester was Durnovaria,

discoveries of ancient weapons, jewellery, pottery, and glass of the period are constantly being made. And in the house are some unique examples of Roman pottery, fibulæ, etc., in which Mr. Hardy, who is a skilled antiquarian, takes great interest.

Romans sleep beneath the house, Mr. Hardy says, with a touch of grim antiquarian pride. The soldiers of Hadrian and the wives of the Roman generals are buried thick at Casterbridge. Reared at the end of the spacious lawn, on to which the drawing-room window opens, is a Druidical, probably a sacrificial, stone, a lichen-stained mass weighing several tons. Surely this is a garden in which ghosts would choose to walk! If one suggests the idea to the owner he smiles, and averring that he has never seen one, admits that he has wished to, and would have given ten years of his life in earlier days to have done so. If ghosts exist there ought to be some at "Max Gate," for, in cutting the drive, a whole row of Roman soldiers, Mr. Hardy says, were unearthed, and the skeleton of a Roman lady as well, whose fibula, taken from her skull by the novelist, is one of the treasured contents of the richly-laden cabinet in the drawing-room.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.
Taken at Max Gate, Dorchester, by Mr. Clive Holland.

The later of Mr. Hardy's novels have a strong element of pessimism, or perhaps one might better describe it as fatalism, running through them, which has not escaped the comment of critics, and can scarcely have been overlooked by the "general reader." In scarcely any of the Wessex novels is this quality entirely absent, and pessimism of the philosophic kind is most certainly strongly developed in the man as well as the novelist. Half-an-hour's conversation with him would generally serve to make this point clear. But, as we have hinted, it is the thoughtful *philosophic* pessimism which, indeed, afflicts all thinkers at certain periods, and not that which comes of frustrated aims, "wild, unattained ambitions," or from continuous ill-health. Mr. Hardy, for example, admits that the world (to use a common phrase) is better than it was. This does not appear to be the utterance of a pessimist of the usually accepted sort. But that the evil still outweighs the good seems equally his fixed opinion.

In view of the fact that many critics have regarded unfavourably—whilst admitting, without qualification, the writer's genius—the excessive gloom and pessimistic tendencies of Mr. Hardy's later books, the novelist's own opinion regarding the "ethics of criticism" will not be without interest. He says: "I think the rule ought to be that favourable criticisms may be unsigned, but that the critic should be bound to take the responsibility of an unfavourable judgment. There should be not stabbing in the dark." Although, as Mr. Hardy also states frankly, in his own case he has had little or nothing of which to complain.

The humanity which breathes in all Mr. Hardy's stories is part and parcel of the man himself. From this, and his love of animals, arises his dislike of "sport," the sole point of friction between himself and his neighbours, for Wessex is a hunting county. The keen eyes, the spare figure, the extremely sensitive face, which, when not in repose, lights up very remarkably, are but a few of the indications of the man, and the qualities which have gone to the making of a unique prose style and a series of romances of almost Balzacian proportions and almost unequalled power. "A man of moods," one American writer has described him, and the phrase, whilst conveying far too little, is not an unjust one. It is the judgment of a casual acquaintance though, or critic, rather than the estimate of one of Mr. Hardy's friends. To his extreme disinclination for notoriety, his distaste of "snipet" paragraphs, and his ascetic cast of mind, must be laid the shortcomings of the present, and all future biographical sketches and appreciations of Mr. Hardy as a man. Little seen in Society, he shuns those who come to Dorchester and gaze upon "Max Gate" out of idle curiosity.

Concerning his own work and aims—unlike many lesser novelists—Mr. Hardy has been singularly reticent. So far as the present writer's knowledge serves, he has never been interviewed, unless, indeed, Mr. Wm. Archer's "Real Conversation" can be considered in the light of an interview. Glimpses of the novelist's aim and opinions concerning his work may, however, be gathered from prefaces and notes to the various stories. Of favourite books he apparently has none, although, during a recent conversation, I was able to gather that "Tess" was not the novel which held a minor place in its creator's affections. That it *was* his favourite book Mr. Hardy laughingly declined to admit. "Just now I am more interested in poetry than fiction," he said, a statement which, though delighting some who esteem his poetic gifts scarcely inferior to his prose, will, it is to be feared, disappoint the many who have waited patiently for nearly five years for another Wessex novel.

A very large number of the towns, villages, and even hamlets, of any importance, in Hants, Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset, are mentioned, either by name or under thin disguises, in Mr. Hardy's novels. Although he has studied his

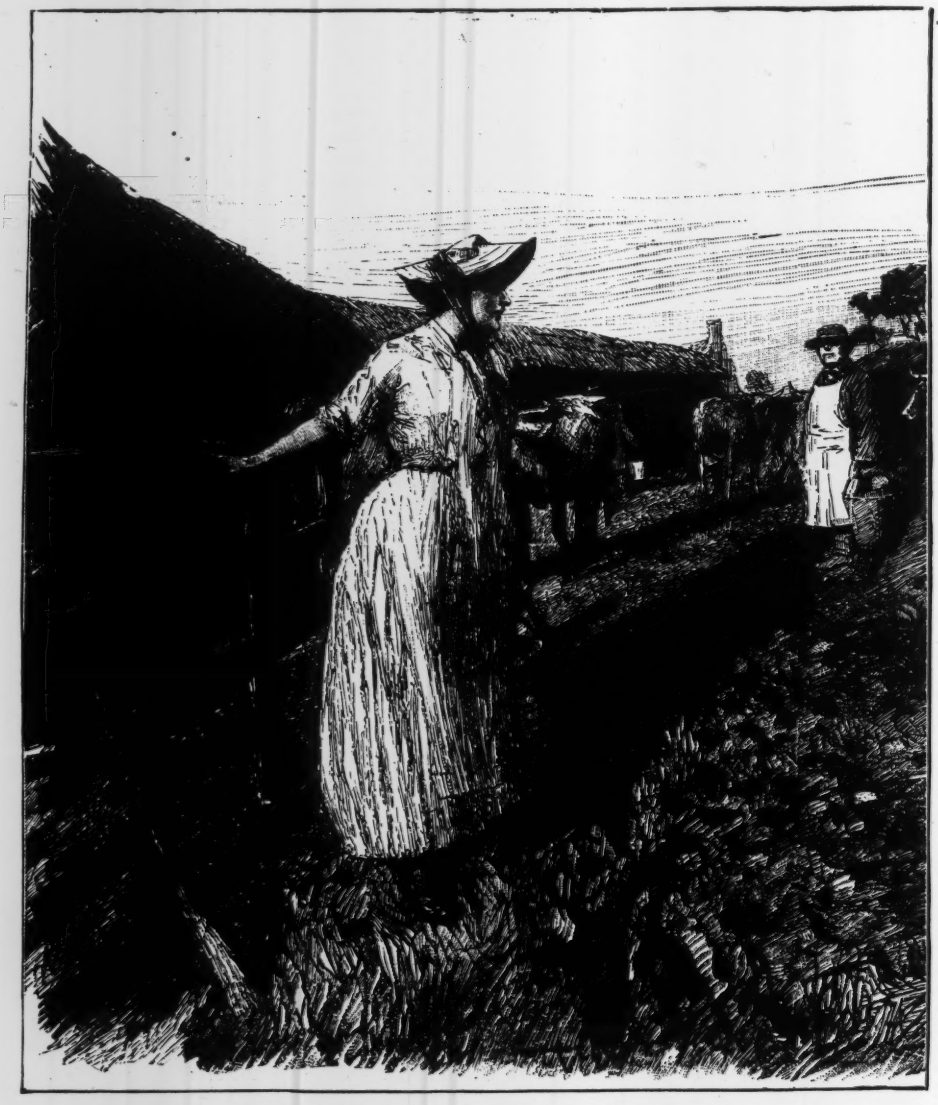
characters and background so closely that identification of the latter becomes a matter of no very great difficulty to those well acquainted with the district, he has, on occasions, admittedly availed himself of the novelist's privilege to idealise, and even sometimes to combine two or more places under one description. For example, the Welland House—Lady Constantine's home—of "Two on a Tower" is partly Charborough House, near Winterbourne, and partly an old mansion (now a farmhouse) near Milborne St. Andrew. The same may be said of Talbothays, the dairy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Referring to the identification of this, Mr. Hardy states, in a recent letter to the writer, that Talbothays represents "two or three dairies in the Frome Valley . . . any existing house of that name, has been so called since the novel was written, and has no claim to be the scene."

Dorset, which may be truly called the heart of Wessex, is like no other county of England. It gives a general impression of age, and yet not merely age as a modern would understand it, but rather that of the true Dorset phrase—"an old, ancient county." Time—one is almost tempted to write civilisation—has affected it probably far less than any other district in the South and South-West of England. Each great period of history seems to have affected it deeply, and instead of being obliterated by succeeding periods, blends with them while still retaining much of its individuality.

Superstition is still more or less rife amongst its peasantry, and, notwithstanding a recent statement in a book upon the subject of Wessex to the contrary, the characters, episodes, tragedies, and humour, such as Mr. Hardy so vividly depicts, are still to be found in the land of Wessex by those who travel through her with open eyes and in a romantic spirit.

No writer has so well depicted the whole of this county, with its change from vale to hill, its sharply-defined divisions in the pursuits of each locality, its old-world, slowly-moving life, and the ancient history that is bound up with it, which is still there almost on the surface for those who possess observant eyes. No modern writer has yet competed with Mr. Hardy successfully as a delineator of the life of Wessex and Wessex folk. And few writers could have succeeded in rendering so accurately the half-conscious humour which often pervades the thought as well as the speech of Wessex folk. In this is Mr. Hardy's greatest claim, not only to the immortality of letters, but to the admiration of the reading English-speaking races.

In a word, Wessex and Wessex folk are yet realities, and all lovers of romance should be grateful that such is a fact. Still are Jan Coggans, Tesses, Labans, Mark Clarks, as well as dairyman Cricks and old Mr. Clares to be found in the heart of this fair land of Wessex.



TESS AT TALBOTHAYS, DAIRYMAN DICK'S FARM.

Dairyman Dick
All the week—
On Sundays Mister Richard Crick.

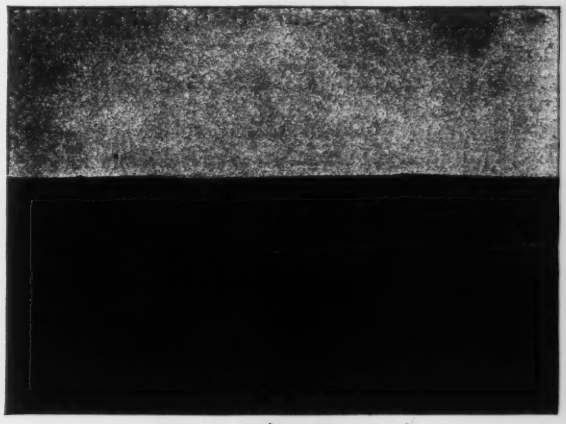
"'She's too good for a dairymaid—I said so the very first day I zid her—and a prize for any man; and, what's more, a wonderful woman for a gentleman-farmer's wife; he won't be at the mercy of his baily wi' her at his side.'"
—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

(From a drawing by Hubert Herkomer, R.A., reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of *The Graphic*.)

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

THE HILL TOWN OF SHASTON (SHAFTESBURY).

"Shaston, the ancient British Palladour, was, and is, in itself the city of a dream. Vague imaginings of its castle, its three mints, its magnificent apsidal abbey, the chief glory of South Wessex, its twelve churches, its shrines, chantries, hospitals, its gabled freestone mansions—all now ruthlessly swept away—throw the visitor into a pensive melancholy, which the stimulating atmosphere and limitless landscape around him can scarcely dispel."



BERE HEATH (EGDON HEATH).

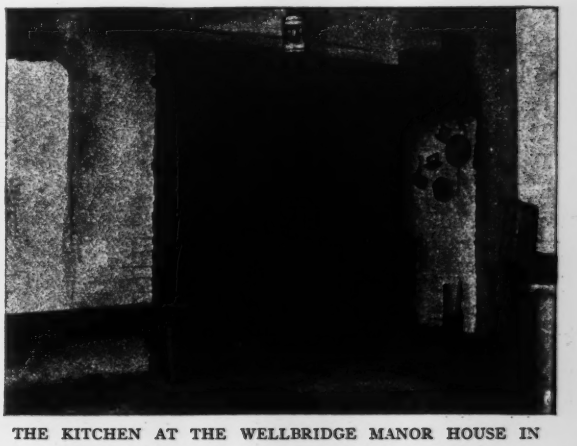
"The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread. . . . The untameable, Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now was it always had been. Civilisation was its enemy; and ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the particular formation."

THE OLD ABBOT'S STONE COFFIN IN WHICH TESS WAS LAID BY ANGEL CLARE.

"Clare came close, and bent over her. 'Dead, dead, dead!' he murmured.

. . . . . .

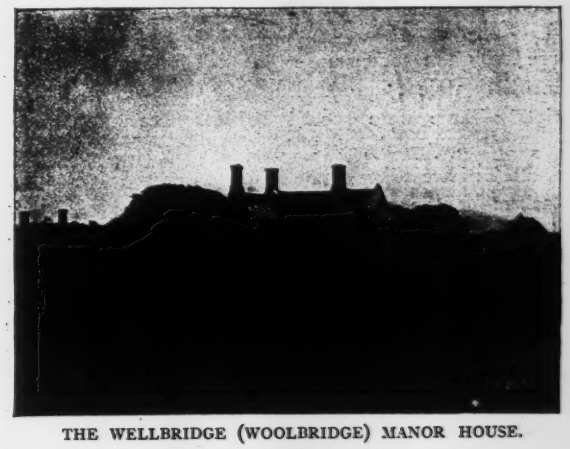
"They were within a plantation which formed the Abbey grounds, and, taking a new hold of her, he went onward a few steps till they reached the ruined choir of the Abbey church. Against the north wall was the empty stone coffin of an abbot, in which every tourist with a turn for grim humour was accustomed to stretch himself. In this Clare carefully laid Tess."



THE KITCHEN AT THE WELLBRIDGE MANOR HOUSE IN WHICH TESS AND HER HUSBAND HAD SUPPER.

"A steady glare from the now flameless embers painted the sides and back of the fireplace with its colour, and the well-polished andirons, and the old brass tongs that would not meet. The under-side of the mantelshelf was flushed with the high-coloured light, and the legs of the table nearest the fire. Tess's face and neck reflected the same warmth, which each gem turned into an Aldebaran or a Sirius—a constellation of white, red, and green flashes, that interchanged their hues with her every pulsation."

SHASTON SQUARE (SHAFTESBURY).



THE WELLBRIDGE (WOOLBRIDGE) MANOR HOUSE.

A PAGE OF PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE SCENES IN "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

FAMOUS PUBLISHING HOUSES.

V.—MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

THE House of Blackwood recently published its Annals. Two volumes, bringing the story down to 1860, appeared four years ago. They were the last work of one of the most eminent and loyal supporters of the House, Mrs. Oliphant; and, besides that they have an interesting chapter of our literary history to tell, by the finesse and individuality with which she has told it they take a high place among literary biographies. A year later they were followed by a third, also done with great discretion, and scarce less interesting, in which Mrs. Gerald Porter, a daughter of Mr. John Blackwood, carried on the annals to the date of her father's death, 1879. These volumes were fully reviewed in our pages at the time of their publication, so that we need do no more than note the main facts of the period which they cover, and pass to that nearer our own day.

From Photo by [*Russell & Sons.*

MR. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

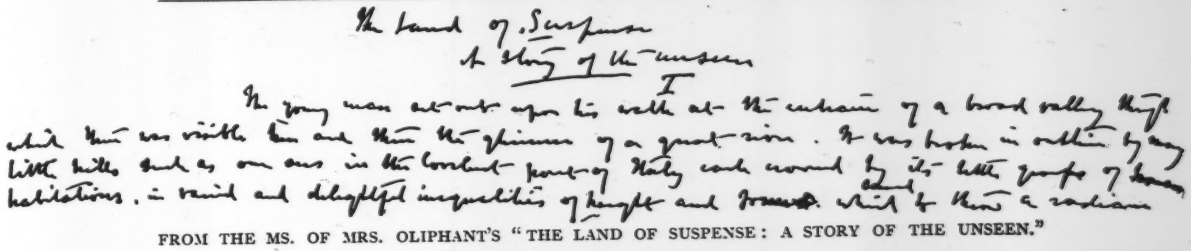
The founder of the House, William Blackwood, was a remarkably sagacious and strong-minded Scot, who after a training in bookselling and publishing, in London as well as in Scotland, started business for himself on the South Bridge of Edinburgh in 1804. He was steadily successful, and in time migrated to 17, Princes Street; and it was from there that in 1817 he issued the first number of the Magazine which ever since has been the pivot of the firm's fortunes. Everyone knows, though it is difficult for anyone nowadays quite to appreciate, the hubbub caused by the appearance in it of that clever, if somewhat violent production, the "Chaldee Manuscript." There were special circumstances which made it, not locally only, but in a wider circle, famous or notorious according as the critic was on the side of the attackers or the attacked. There were, besides, other things in this first number designed to flutter many dovecots. The result, happy for the publisher at any rate, was that the new magazine leapt immediately into public notice, and that from the beginning there sprang up among those sharing in its production an *esprit de corps* which has never died out. The first William Blackwood encouraged that and gave it free play, though not failing himself, after the early indiscretions, to put a restraint where necessary upon its ardour; and his pride in his Magazine, and his judgment in handling his team, have been the inheritance of all who have followed him in the editorial chair.

J. G. Lockhart, Christopher North, Hogg, Macginn, and De Quincey were the leading members of the first "Blackwood gang." Galt also was contributing some of his best fiction, and Archibald Alison and Samuel Warren were early recruits, destined to become veterans, in Maga's service. Meanwhile the more ordinary business of publishing was being extended. In accordance with the custom of the day, William Blackwood took shares in books with other publishers—he was, for example, joint-publisher of several of Byron's works—and his own list contained many names of notable authors, and of authors of notable books, besides those whom he had gathered round him as regular contributors to his Magazine.

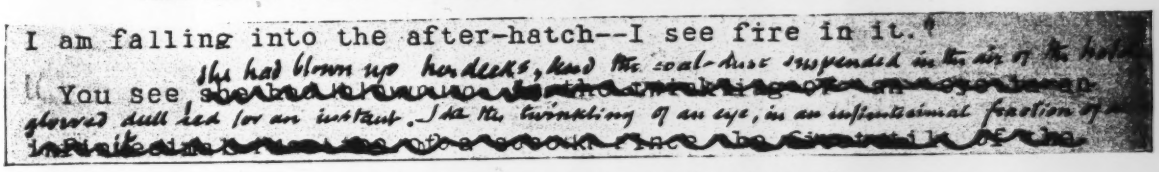
William Blackwood died in 1834. He was succeeded in his business and the editorship of the Magazine by two sons, Alexander and Robert, who, however, did not survive him very many years. Their younger brother, John, after a liberal education, had been sent by them to London for a year's training with Whittaker and Co., of Paternoster Row, and thereafter placed in charge of a London branch which they opened in Pall Mall. This was in 1840. In 1845, on the death of his brother Alexander, John Blackwood was recalled to Edinburgh to take up the editorship of the Magazine. Four years later, when Robert's health failed, he was joined in partnership by a soldier brother, Major William Blackwood, at the time home from India on furlough, who left the Army to give the firm valuable assistance which was continued until his death in 1861. In the following year John Blackwood made the Major's elder son, William, a partner, and uncle and nephew worked together until John Blackwood's death in 1879. It may be mentioned that 17, Princes Street had been left by the Edinburgh House for the present premises at 45, George Street as early as 1829, and that when John Blackwood gave up the management of the London Branch it was transferred from Pall Mall to its present quarters in 37, Paternoster Row.

There is no room, and no need, to enumerate all the notable writers whose work was published by the firm, or printed in the Magazine, in this period from 1840 to 1880: they are to be found in the volumes to which we have referred. John Blackwood was a man with a strong social

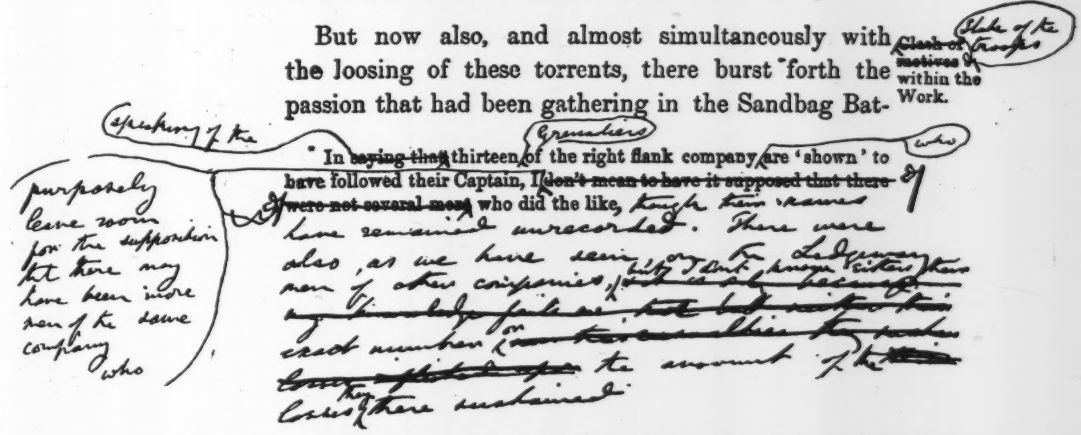
A Page of Interesting Manuscripts.



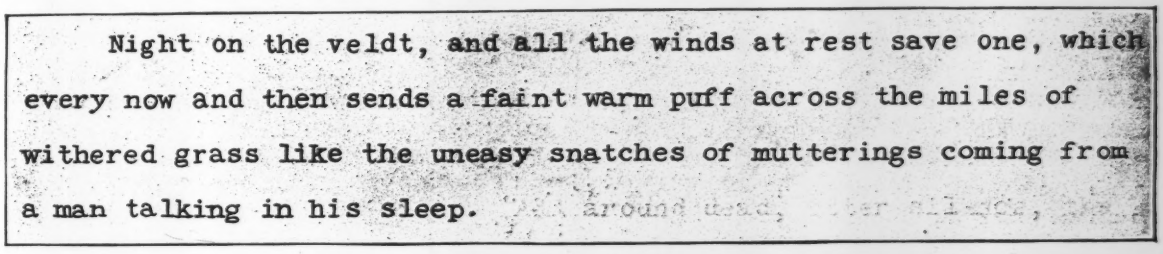
FROM THE MS. OF MRS. OLIPHANT'S "THE LAND OF SUSPENSE: A STORY OF THE UNSEEN."



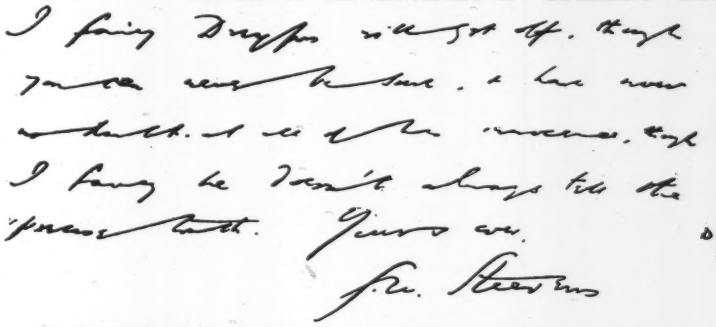
A BIT OF MR. JOSEPH CONRAD'S "COPY" OF "YOUTH."



A SAMPLE OF THE CORRECTED PROOF OF KINGLAKE'S GREAT WORK ON THE CRIMEA.



PORTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "LINESMAN'S" LAST ARTICLE TYPED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



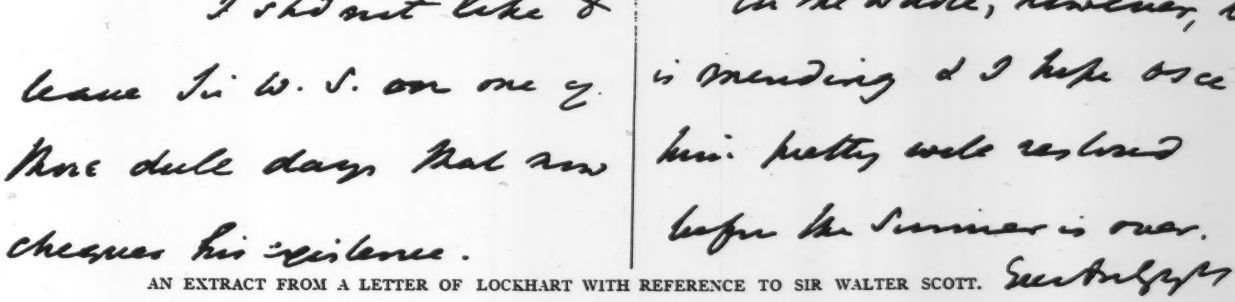
AN INTERESTING NOTE FROM G. W. STEEVENS WRITTEN AT RENNES.

Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent: and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter:

"Maggie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long deep

A STRIKING ADDITION IN GEORGE ELIOT'S PROOF.



AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF LOCKHART WITH REFERENCE TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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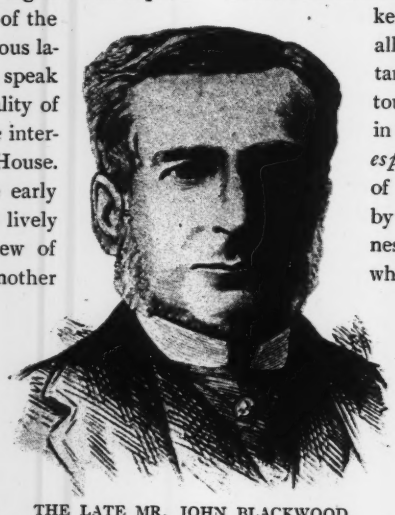
talent, and he had, moreover, a discerning eye for a valuable contributor to his Magazine, especially one writing on affairs. In London he was intimately acquainted with Delane, of the *Times*; and also with Thackeray, who, curiously, never wrote for him, and, indeed, had been rejected once, if not oftener, by the elder brothers,—one of the Blackwood mistakes. He also saw something of Bulwer Lytton, who was then writing in the Magazine. On his return to Edinburgh he found a new band of contributors, chief among them Lord Neaves, Dr. Moir ("Delta"), author of "Mansie Waugh," and Aytoun, and with the last he was soon on terms of very warm friendship. Early in the "Fifties," when her story, "Katie Stewart," appeared in it, Mrs. Oliphant became associated with the Magazine, to which she was a very constant contributor for nearly half a century. Hamley was soon writing regularly for it. Kinglake meantime had announced to the publisher that his "Invasion of the Crimea" was on the stocks, modestly projected in two volumes. The first was published in 1863. Before the last appeared in 1887 the work had run into eight. Our reproduction of a portion of the revised proof of the "Crimea" gives some idea of the enormous labour it must have cost its author, not to speak of the printer. The fascinating personality of Laurence Oliphant begins early to make intermittent appearance in the annals of the House. Another correspondent dating from the early Sixties is Charles Lever, and several lively stories by Lawrence Lockhart (a nephew of J. G.) ran through "Maga's" pages. Another name not to be overlooked is that of the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, whose son, Mr. W. W. Collins, is now an active contributor. When John Blackwood designed the "Ancient Classics for English Readers," the forerunner of the innumerable Series to which we are now accustomed, it was to the Rev. W. Lucas Collins that he entrusted the editorship. Most important of all, there was "George Eliot," the story of whose connection with the House is told at length by Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Porter, as well as by Mr. Cross.

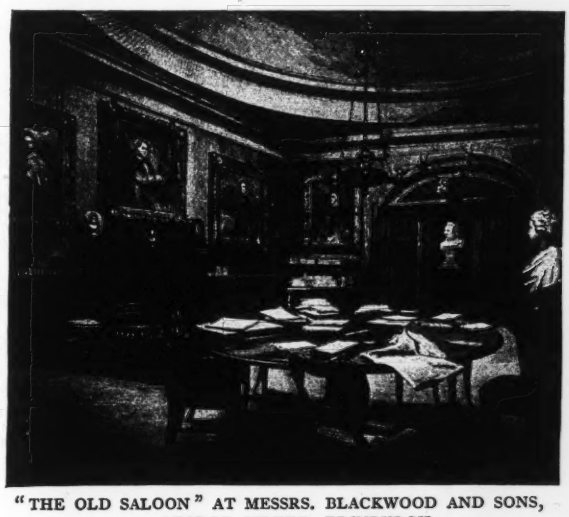


THE LATE MR. JOHN BLACKWOOD,
Of the firm of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

With the death of John Blackwood, in 1879, begins a new and as yet unwritten chapter in the history of his firm. Mr. William Blackwood who, we have seen, had been assumed a partner by his uncle in 1862, when he was a youth of twenty-six, was now left with the entire responsibility of the conduct of the business, and it has rested on his shoulders ever since. In these twenty years the methods of publishing have undergone great and often disconcerting changes; but the present head of the House has known how, without breaking with the old and best traditions, to adapt his business to the new ways. The result is that it still keeps a foremost place in the race, and that its prestige is as high to-day as ever it has been. The Blackwoods have never been in any sense specialist publishers. They have always had very general lists. Still, looking through these, one observes how especially strong they have always been in Travel, Sport, and Biography, particularly military biography—under the influence of "Maga," doubtless;—and this predominance is still noticeable. The firm's output of fiction is not great in volume, but it generally reaches a high standard of excellence, if, possibly, it is somewhat exclusive in range. That the House is still capable of great enterprise and acumen is shown by the skill with which it is building up its excellent educational series specially adapted to the requirements of Higher Grade and Public Schools. It ought to be added that the Blackwoods have for long done their own printing—since 1846, in fact; and that the books issued from their press discover the high typographical finish for which Edinburgh printers are notable.

The great feather in the cap of the House, however, is still the Magazine, and it is in the editing of it that the present Mr. William Blackwood has achieved his greatest success. The demands made upon his attention at headquarters, and in recent years delicate health, have prevented him "getting about" (to use the current phrase) so much as the modern editor has come to think necessary, and his friends in London are given to lament the infrequency of his visits there; but in his room at "Forty-Five" he is at the centre of a voluminous interchange of correspondence which keeps him in touch with his contributors in all parts of the Empire. Still more important, he strives to keep his contributors in touch with one another, and to interest them in one another's work. This cultivation of an *esprit de corps* among her writers is only one of "Maga's" traditions faithfully preserved by the present editor. Another is his readiness to welcome likely recruits to the pages which at the same time he so jealously guards. A surprising list could be made of writers of mark in the last twenty years who have been given their first chance in the Magazine.

In appearance the Magazine has changed little since the first number. It is still printed in double columns, and bound in the familiar brown covers. There have been changes to a more comfortable fount of type, however, and some years ago the portrait of George Buchanan (which seems to have arrived on the cover of No. 1 in a fortuitous way, and is, we find, generally taken for that of "Maga's" founder) was lifted up on the cover to make room for the table of contents—concessions to modern ideas and methods, it is understood, which caused misgivings in the breast of more than one subscriber. It is not an easy task to edit a journal for so conservative a circle of readers without its becoming moribund, yet it is a fact that "Maga" was never more alive than she is to-day, and at the same time was never more true to her traditions. In their attitude towards affectations, an attitude possibly too uncompromising, and their vigorous onslaught on shams, or what they conceive to be shams, "Maga's" latest young bloods, of whom Mr. G. W. Steevens is now known to have been one, have come nearer "The Scorpion" than any others among his successors. This tendency is specially noticeable, perhaps, in the recurring article in the Magazine which comes most near to being editorial. For many years Mrs. Oliphant wrote a lively critical article entitled "The Old Saloon," a heading having reference to the saloon at 45, George Street, hung round with portraits of illustrious contributors, of which we give an



"THE OLD SALOON" AT MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

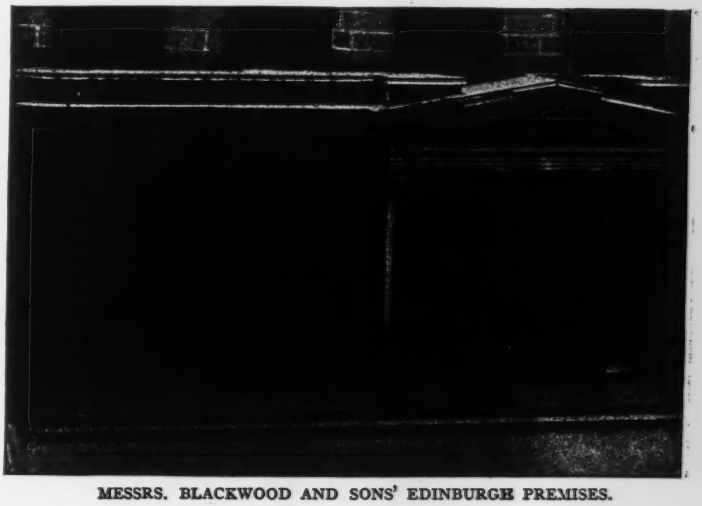
illustration. Afterwards, she dealt with books and affairs as "The Looker-On," a title that was continued for some time after her death—it is generally supposed by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. For some eighteen months "The Looker-On" has been discontinued, and its place taken by the remarkably trenchant "Musings without Method," which are very widely read, and are enjoyed by some as heartily as by others they are resented. Many guesses, some of them patently stupid, have been made at the identity of their author.

Anonymity is still the rule in "Maga," but the exceptions are more numerous than formerly, and owing to the fashion of collecting articles and issuing them in a volume, the secret of their authorship, when there is one, is not generally kept for long. It is not difficult, therefore, and it will be interesting, to compile a fairly complete list of the more notable writers whom "Maga" has attached to the house in this latest period of its history.

The "Military Staff," as John Blackwood called his soldierly contingent of contributors, has always been strong. Its earliest members were such men as the Rev. G. R. Gleig (Chaplain-General), the Hamleys, Lawrence Lockhart, Sherard Osborn, Charles Hope, Meadows Taylor, Sir Archibald Alison, Lord Wolseley (then a captain), and, best known of all, perhaps, to the general public, through his "Battle of Dorking," Sir George Chesney. They have been followed in these later years by Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir Frederick Lugard, Lieut.-Col. Henderson, Major-General Montague, Major Arthur Griffiths, Major Broadfoot, Major-General Francis Russell, General E. F. Chapman, Col. Henry Knollys, General Cecil Russell, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, and Admiral Sir William Kennedy, whose recent "Hurrah! For the Life of a Sailor" is one of the breeziest sea books ever written. Some years ago Lord Kitchener contributed one or two articles. We ought to recall here, also, the brilliant work of the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, who was introducted to Mr. Blackwood by Mrs. Oliphant, and wrote for him several of his best essays before he was called to the career of a war correspondent. The firm published Steevens' works, and "With Kitchener to Khartoum" must have been one of their great successes.

In the South African War "Maga" has been exceedingly well served. A few months after it broke out Mr. Blackwood received from the front a paper, entitled "Some Events and an Armistice," and signed "Linesman," which he was greatly impressed by and immediately printed. It was followed by others, which began to be eagerly looked for by readers of the Magazine; and by many competent judges these papers of "Linesman," whose name has not been disclosed, are considered the greatest literary asset of the War. The latest of them, "Night," appears in the Magazine for this month, and with the others and some additional matter is to be issued in book form, with the title "Words by an Eye-Witness," in the course of a few days. Among other contributions arising out of the War ought to be mentioned the exciting and graphically written "How We Escaped from Pretoria," by Major Aylmer Haldane.

Until the last few years, when it has made an intermittent appearance only, the political article, treating of party politics, was the crowning number in "Maga's" contents bill. The identity of its authorship has been hid in most cases, but we are probably right in assuming that Sir John Skelton, William Hamley, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Henry Stafford Northcote (the present Governor of Bombay, and now Lord Northcote), in the Eighties, and T. E. Kebbel, Alexander Innes Shand, and Frederick Greenwood, in the Nineties, have done their share of political work for "Maga." And we believe that Mr. Herbert Cowell, who was writing for her on politics as far back as 1854, still wields his vigorous pen at times in her pages. But if party politics occupies less space now than formerly, a greater scope than ever is given for the discussion of politics of Empire, for "Maga" has always been a practical Imperialist in her keen interest in our Colonies and Dependencies. Besides some of the military contributors already named, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, Sir A. Cotton, and Mr. G. W. Forrest have written much on India. Sir Hugh Clifford, Mr. Edward A. Irving (of whose fine writing we see too little), and Mr. Fielding compose a strong team from the Malay Peninsula. For many years China affairs have been discussed with great force and perspicacity by Mr. Alexander Michie, whose recent book, "The Englishman in China,"



MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS' EDINBURGH PREMISES.

has at once taken its place as a classic on the subject. An anonymous but well-informed writer has been supplying several valuable contributions on our position in West Africa; Mr. Walter B. Harris is a regular correspondent from Morocco; Major Sir E. Fitzgerald Law and Sir R. Hamilton Lang have written ably on Egyptian and Turkish affairs. We may note the addition to the Blackwood band of Mr. Henry Lawson, the Australian writer; and Mr. Hanbury Williams, and Mr. Arnold Haultain, who was welcomed as a new writer by the *Spectator* the other day, are old contributors from Canada.

We have left ourselves space for the barest mention only of some writers in other departments whose pens have been enlisted by the present Head of the House.

In history there are Mr. Andrew Lang and Sir Henry Craik; in literary criticism and biography, Professor Saintsbury, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, Mr. Henley, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Quiller Couch (who is to do the volume on "George Eliot" in the Modern English Writers Series), Mr. David Hannay; in sport, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Sir Edward Braddon, Captain Moray Brown, Mr. Gilfred W. Hartley, Prince Ranjitsinhji, Sir William Kennedy, John Bickerdyke, and many more.

The present writer has often been told by well known novelists that the greatest ambition of their early days was to be represented by at least one story in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It would be impossible for us to name all the writers of fiction in the last twenty years who have realised this ambition. We must content ourselves with noting some whose work is more intimately connected with the House. Such are the sisters Gerard, who made frequent appearances in "Maga" in the Eighties; Mrs. Oliphant, of course; and Mr. Alexander Allardyce, a man of great ability, one of whose novels, "The City of Sunshine," is still spoken of enthusiastically by Anglo-Indians as probably the best picture of native life ever drawn. The firm also published Mr. Marion Crawford's "Saracinesca," and Mr. R. D. Blackmore's "Maid of Sker" and "Dariel," all of which ran as serials. A novelist who came to the front a little later was Sydney C. Grier. "In Farthest Ind," and all its successors indeed, show a remarkable knowledge of India, and it is difficult to persuade those who are acquainted with that country and with these novels that the author is a young lady who has never visited the East. The strongest addition to "Maga's" novelists of recent years probably is Joseph Conrad. His short story, "Karain: A Mystery," appeared in "Maga" for November, 1897 (the same number in which Mr. Neil Munro began his serial, "John Splendid"), and has been followed by "Youth" (Mr. Conrad's high-water mark as yet), "The Heart of Darkness," and, in 1900, by a long serial, "Lord Jim." We have mentioned Mr. Neil Munro, and he may be looked upon as the most promising of the company of younger Blackwood novelists, which includes Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Bernard Capes, Miss May Sinclair, "Zack," Mr. John Buchan, and Mr. Edward Hutton.

Mr. William Blackwood is now receiving assistance in his business from his two young nephews, Mr. George Wm. Blackwood and Mr. J. H. Blackwood, sons of Major George Blackwood, Royal (Bengal) Artillery, who was killed at Maiwand.

New Books.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

In external appearance and typography the two most recent works on Mary Stuart are very much alike; but there the similarity ceases. Indeed, two books on the same subject could hardly be in greater contrast. Mr. Cowan's two handsome volumes are poorly written, and utterly destitute of any literary charm. On the other hand, Mr. Lang's volume is so well and picturesquely written that the general reader will find it fascinating until he gets lost in the intricate chapters on the Casket Letters. Mr. Cowan has evidently begun his task with a settled determination to vindicate the Queen against all opponents, and half-hearted or chicken-hearted apologists. On some points he is dissatisfied with even such doughty champions as Hosack and Father Pollen. Though Mr. Lang seems to have a warm regard for the Queen, and a lurking dislike of the nobles and politicians who took part against her, he has approached his subject with an open mind. In discussing evidence or arguments, Mr. Cowan never shines. Many of his criticisms are of the most puerile nature, and he has perfect faith in theories which have been long exploded. As might be expected, Mr. Lang's criticisms are frequently ingenious, and generally acute, though not always convincing. Mr. Cowan has burdened his text with long extracts and documents. Mr. Lang has thrown his documents into the appendices. Mr. Cowan professes to have printed many hitherto unpublished documents. Mr. Lang's claim in this respect is much more modest. He lays considerable weight on what he calls the Lennox Papers, but only gives a few extracts, leaving them to be edited by the careful and competent Father Pollen.

Mr. Cowan's documents are a feature of his book, but not a redeeming feature. He has failed to produce an accurate and trustworthy text. He has not only modernised the spelling, but has changed words, and taken other unwarrantable liberties, without giving the slightest hint that he has done so. Of all the documents which he prints he is perhaps proudest of what he calls "the Riccio Bond," which he says he has discovered and published for the first time! The truth is, it was published (but without a list of the names of the actual subscribers) so early as 1699, and has been frequently reprinted since. But he specially claims to have "recently discovered the original bond," and he vainly imagines that, by publishing it and the subscribers' names, he has put a controversy to rest. He does not seem to know that it was printed from the original, with facsimiles of the signatures, in the Miscellany of the Maitland Club, so long ago as 1843. Nor does he mention that it was printed from the original by Sir William Fraser, in his Melvilles and Leslies, in 1890. In the appendix to his second volume Mr. Cowan prints twelve of the Queen's letters which are in the possession of the Marquis of Ailsa, and which, he says, "by permission of his lordship we have been permitted to reproduce." Surely he might have explained that Dr. John Stuart had fully described and given copious extracts from these letters in the Fifth Report of the Historical MSS. Commission; and that they had been printed *in extenso* by Sir William Fraser in The Lennox. Those who care to look into either of these works, and to compare Stuart's or Fraser's transcripts with Mr. Cowan's, will probably come to the conclusion that the latter is not only exceedingly careless in dealing with such documents, but does not understand the language in which they are written.

In his first volume Mr. Cowan prints the well-known declaration of Moray and his colleagues concerning "the eik," which, he says, "we do not remember to have seen before." He might have known that it was printed by Anderson in 1727. In his second volume Mr. Cowan prints one of Mary's letters to the Pope, remarking that it "does not appear to have been published before." It is in Labanoff. Besides these, Mr. Cowan prints nine letters which he boldly describes

* "Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters?" By Samuel Cowan, J.P. 2 vols. 28s. net. (London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 1901.)
"The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. 18s. net. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1901.)

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS HARDY IN THE GARDEN AT "MAX GATE."

CASTLE BOTEREL (BOSCASTLE.)

"The place is pre-eminently the region of dream and mystery. The ghostly birds, the pall-like sea, the frothy wind, the eternal soliloquy of the waters, the bloom of dark purple cast, that seems to exhale from the shoreward precipices, in themselves lend to the scene an atmosphere like the twilight of a night vision."

Reproduced from "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Bros.

as hitherto unpublished. Two of them are in Labanoff. Another, which he owns to be "slightly condensed," is calendared by Mr. Bain, and his abridgment is five times as long as Mr. Cowan's "slightly condensed" version.

Mr. Cowan has also printed what he calls a lease, but which is only a precept ordaining a letter to pass under the privy seal granting a tack. In the same way, he prints as a proclamation what is only a mangled copy of a minute ordaining a proclamation to be made. Some of his extracts are so incorrectly given that the meaning is obscured; in some, perverted. Perhaps they have been taken at second hand. This supposition would explain his confounding of Claude Nau with Father Stevenson; but it would not explain his confounding Edmund Hay, one of Bothwell's procurators, with Edmund Hay, the Jesuit. It would be difficult to explain many of Mr. Cowan's lapses on any theory short of downright carelessness or sheer incompetence. In speaking of the expedition against Huntly in the autumn of 1562, he refers to a meeting of Privy Council which the Queen held at Stirling on the 14th of August, "evidently *en route* for Aberdeen," and adds, "while the following day, August 15th, the Privy Council met at Edinburgh. . . . Moray, Argyll and Randolph were not in the sederunt, and presumably they were with the Queen." The Privy Council met at Stirling, not at Edinburgh, on the 15th. Mr. Cowan, however, is not to be blamed for that error, as it occurs in the printed Register, and he could hardly be expected to consult the original. But, if he had looked either at the printed or MS. Register, he would have found that Argyll was present, as was also the Queen's brother, as Earl of Mar. He ought to have known that the latter went north as Mar and returned as Moray. This blundering concerning these two nobles may be explained by the second-hand-quotation theory; but it can neither explain nor palliate the inference which he draws from the absence of Randolph's name. What is to be said for the historian who expected to find the name of an English Ambassador in the sederunt of the Scottish Privy Council?

Occasionally Mr. Cowan blames Hill Burton for making statements without giving authority for them, even when the late Historiographer Royal does give his vouchers. When Mr. Cowan himself cites an authority, it is usually in the vaguest manner; and without indicating any authority he not infrequently makes grave charges which it would be quite impossible to substantiate. Some of his most sweeping statements are also incapable of proof. One would like to have the *ipsissima verba* of Mary's proclamation "in which she assured her subjects of her determination to maintain the Protestant faith." Another may desire definite proof that "the Stuart tartan became her well." A third would wish a reference for the beheading of Kirkcaldy of Grange, or perhaps for the new fact that Buchanan did not become a Protestant until 1564. An Edinburgh man may be amazed to learn that, in Mary's time, Holyrood was "in the very heart of Edinburgh," and that the house in which she was lodged after Carberry was one "adjoining the Tron Church"; but he must be content to take the information on Mr. Cowan's bare word. It may be hard enough on Hill Burton to charge him with insufficient vouching and with "simplicity"; that, however, is not the worst. After referring to one of Burton's statements, Mr. Cowan calmly says: "The best answer to this is the opinion of a more eminent historian"; and that more eminent historian is—Miss Strickland!

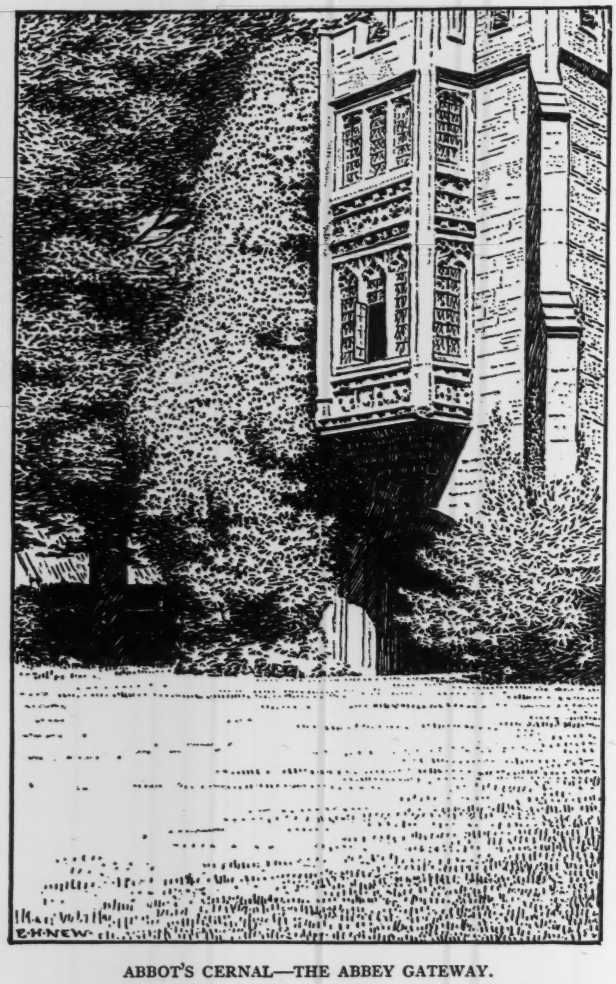
Although the authorship of the Casket Letters holds an imposing place on Mr. Cowan's title-page, he says wonderfully little on that problem. Indeed, he deals with it in a very summary fashion. Of the letters he asserts, "No originals were ever seen"; and again, "If they had been genuine they would have been signed and dated, . . . but it is a fact that they were not so, and no stronger or more conclusive objection can be urged against them." He is perfectly satisfied that the letters are forgeries, and that they "are not the work of genius, but coarse, incoherent pieces of composition." And he comes to the conclusion that they were written by Maitland, Buchanan, Archibald Douglas, and Thomas Crawford. These four, it seems, were instigated, or inspired, by Moray, Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay, who "may safely be excluded from any suspicion of writing them, as they were quite incompetent for work of that kind, whereas the other four were notable scribes."

To Mr. Lang the problem of the Casket Letters is a much more serious and infinitely more difficult matter. After a very patient and careful examination of the letters and sonnets, and of all the evidence bearing on them, he leaves the matter very much as he found it. The problem, he confesses, is still unsolved, and may perhaps never be solved. With the help of the Lennox Papers, he has come to the conclusion that there was one forged letter—a stronger version of the long and incriminating Glasgow letter usually known as No. II.; and that this forged letter was dropped, because it did not fit into the case against Mary, but clashed with the other evidence. His reasoning to prove that a letter was dropped is not quite conclusive; and though it had been, it would not have necessarily followed that it was forged. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Lang that, if there was such a letter as he supposes, it may have been dropped because it compromised one or more of the accusers. After the Lennox Papers are printed *in extenso*, it may be easier to judge as to whether there was such a letter or not. As to the language in which the letters were originally written, Mr. Lang acknowledges that Mr. Henderson has settled that point, viz., that they were in French. If Letter II. "be, in part at least, a forgery," he owns that "it is a forgery by a master in the science of human nature"; parts of it "seem beyond the power of the Genius of Forgery to produce." If there was forgery, he thinks that "whoever held the pen of the forger, Lethington must have directed the scheme." In his opinion the Sonnets "carry a strong appearance of authenticity"; and "as proof of Mary's passion for Bothwell," they "are stronger evidence than the Letters, and much less open to suspicion than some parts of the Letters." He does not "profess to be certain, or even strongly inclined to believe, that there was any forgery of Mary's writings, except in the case of the letter never produced." Indeed, Mr. Lang, by his suggestion as to how Letter II. was rendered inconsistent with itself, and by his scheme of dates, has strengthened and not weakened its claim to authenticity.

Altogether apart from the Casket Letters, Mr. Lang holds

that Mary "was, demonstrably, aware that there was a plot against Darnley, before she brought him to a house accessible to his enemies"; and that "it is certain, hating and desiring to be delivered from Darnley, she winked at a conspiracy of which she was conscious, and let events take their course."

In his narrative and discussions Mr. Lang has fallen into inaccuracies and errors of various kinds, but his work when compared with Mr. Cowan's is a paragon of excellence. In both there are errors which are apparently due to the same cause —a misunderstanding of the old vernacular. For example, in referring to the hour of Darnley's murder, Mr. Lang thinks that the time given in the Diurnal of Occurrents is absurd. When, however, the writer of the Diurnal said "at twa houris befoir none in the mornyng," he did not mean, as Mr. Lang imagines, ten a.m., but two a.m. Again, as has been already indicated, Mr. Cowan's knowledge of old Edinburgh is rather hazy; and on some points Mr. Lang's is not quite perfect, as when, in speaking of Holyrood, he says: "The lovely chapel is a ruin, where Mary prayed, and the priests at the altar were buffeted." He does not seem to be aware that the royal-chapel in which Mary worshipped was a private chapel in the palace, and not the chapel of the monastery. The latter, which is now a ruin, was used, during Mary's reign in Holyrood, as the church of the Protestant congregation of the Canongate. Mr. Lang is perfectly correct in stating that, at the time of the Darnley murder, Kirk of Field was within the town wall; but he is altogether wrong when, in explaining the little coloured sketch-plan of Kirk of Field, he says: "We are facing Kirk o' Field, and are *looking from south to north.*" This radical error is responsible for the complicated confusion which pervades his elaborate description of the locality.



ABBOT'S CERNAL—THE ABBEY GATEWAY.

"A celebrated monastic foundation, founded A.D. 987 by Æthelmar, Earl of Devon and Cornwall, on the site of a hermitage established by Ædwold, brother of Eadmund the Martyr."

Reproduced from "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

Among the illustrations in Mr. Lang's book there are three portraits of Mary. The most interesting and most valuable feature of Mr. Cowan's book is the series of sixteen portraits of her. Nearly all the sixteen are photographic reproductions, but two at least are from engravings which have done duty before, one of them being from the Morton portrait, which may be compared with Mr. Lang's frontispiece. There is a very much greater contrast between Mr. Cowan's reduced facsimile of the Queen's last letter and the beautifully executed full-size one in Sir John Skelton's Mary Stuart.

D. HAY FLEMING.

MR. BALFOUR'S LIFE OF STEVENSON.*

Mr. Graham Balfour's Life of Stevenson is a book to be received with respect and gratitude, if scarcely with enthusiasm. It is written from an official point of view, but with honesty and frankness. Though it is not without fresh information, little or nothing is added to our understanding of Stevenson, and whoever reads his letters practically knows all. What Mr. Graham Balfour has done is to put together the autobiographical passages in Stevenson's books, to place them in their setting, and to supplement them by personal recollection and the reminiscences of friends. All this is done carefully and sufficiently. Not a word is said to wound anyone's feelings, and on some points there is an evident and intelligible reserve, a reserve always to be respected, even when it tantalises. Mr. Balfour does not pretend to great literary or critical power. Had the life been written by Mr. Colvin, it would no doubt have been a much more important contribution to literature. But Mr. Balfour has the advantage of knowing Scotland and Scottish life, and of having lived with Stevenson in his Samoan home. The biography, though apparently lengthy, is not really so. There are only some 450 pages in all, though the thick paper and large margin might possibly mislead the reader.

A few notes may be made. We learn that it was from his nurse, Alison Cunningham, that Stevenson first heard of the writings of the Covenanters, who so greatly influenced his mind and style. A special favourite was an old copy of "A Cloud of Witnesses," which had belonged to his nurse's grandmother, and it was from her that he learned to love McCheyne, a Presbyterian writer of the strictest orthodoxy, but with a true touch of poetry. Isaac Williams was among the High Anglicans who read McCheyne, as may be seen from his biography of the young priest Suckling. Like many others in her station, Alison Cunningham read Cassell's *Family Paper*. It is worth while recalling that this journal contains some of Mayne Reid's best work, including "The Maroon," and that in its pages was published anonymously R. D. Blackmore's first novel, "Clara Vaughan," by no means the worst of his productions. It would be interesting to know whether Stevenson came across "Clara Vaughan." One curious point is that when Stevenson was a mere child he spent five months abroad with his uncle, visiting Rome and Venice. To this journey he made no allusion in his writings, and even in discussing Venice with Mr. Horatio Brown he never even said that he had once set foot in Italy. German he scarcely knew, but he made himself a fair French scholar. The *Saturday Review* declined his essay on "Roads," which was afterwards accepted by Hamerton. Hamerton became afterwards, though this is not mentioned, one of the first appreciative reviewers of Stevenson, predicting great things for him in the *Academy*.

The details of his co-operation with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne are given by Mr. Balfour. It is very surprising to hear that in "The Wrecker" that excellent character Pinkerton, who was drawn from a well-known American publisher, was Mr. Osbourne's "to a large degree." Stevenson's hard work may be estimated by the fact that his prose works run to nearly 8,000 pages of the Edinburgh edition, 300 words on a page. That makes 240,000 words, equal to about twenty-four ordinary novels. He was in the habit of writing and re-writing, so that his final copy sometimes involved ten times the actual

* "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Balfour. Two Volumes. 25s. net. (Methuen and Co.)

GREENHILL FAIR,

where Bathsheba, in "Far from the Madding Crowd," discovered her husband Troy performing in a circus tent.

"Bathsheba—who was driven to the fair that day by her odd man Poorgrass—had, like every one else, read or heard the announcement that Mr. Francis, the Great Cosmopolitan Equestrian and Roughrider, would enact the part of Turpin, and she was not yet too old and careworn to be without a little curiosity to see him. This particular show was by far the largest and grandest in the fair, a horde of little shows grouping themselves under its shade like chickens around a hen."—"Far from the Madding Crowd."

BUDMOUTH HARBOUR (WEYMOUTH).

"Loveday then passed on to the harbour, where he remained awhile, looking at the busy scene of loading and unloading craft and swabbing the decks of yachts; at the boats and barges rubbing against the quay wall, and at the houses of the merchants, some ancient structures of solid stone, others green-shuttered with heavy wooden bow-windows, which appeared as if about to drop into the harbour by their own weight. All these things he gazed upon."

Reproduced from "The Trumpet Major," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Brothers.

quantity of writing. It is more clear than ever that style to him was a matter of life or death. Whether of life or of death, future generations must decide. The essential note of his character appears very plainly. He was full of generosity, mercy, and compassion. He found it very hard to keep up any quarrel. Above all—and this ought to be insisted on—he avoided the attitude of contempt or disdain. It would be difficult to find any passage in his writings written with the purpose of giving pain to others. Mr. Balfour says with much discernment that "he was the only man I have ever known who possessed charm in a high degree whose character did not suffer from the possession." It is pleasant to read of his delight in the companionship of J. A. Symonds. We are not told what he really thought of Symonds' way of writing.

The story of Stevenson's life is by no means completely told as yet. There is very much manuscript material, to our knowledge, of which no use has been made. There are friends who survive who have noted and remembered a great deal, but have not been asked for their recollections. Yet we have enough for years at least. Some day, no doubt, the whole theme will be taken up again and discussed as it cannot be discussed now. Meanwhile we are grateful to Mr. Balfour for his pious labour, and to the publishers for these seemly volumes.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

AN ITINERARY OF "WESSEX."*

The student of Mr. Hardy's topography has now at command the means of completing his studies. But, of course, the book now before us is not the first contribution towards the particular science with which it deals—which, if I remember rightly, was formally inaugurated, several years ago, in a contribution to the present periodical. Next, in 1894, Miss Macdonell's little book on Thomas Hardy presented us with an excellent sketch map—a fairly complete key, in fact, to the Hardeian localities. Each volume of the collected edition of the novels supplied, further, a map of the "Wessex of the Novels"; whilst an additional contribution to our knowledge of that country was furnished by an exhibition of paintings illustrating it, which was held in a Bond Street gallery a few summers ago. Still, in the matter of more minute identification, there remained much to be done; and this, in the handsome volume which has just issued from the Bodley Head, Messrs. Bertram Windle and Edmund New have set themselves to accomplish. Let me acknowledge at once that their book is final—no further work on the subject is conceivable. By its help, those who wish to do so may not merely identify tracts of country, roads and dwelling-places, but actually touch with their fingers the identical stone coffin in which Angel Clare, during his somnambulistic trance, deposited his loved and tortured Tess. Furthermore, wherever it is possible, a picture of the place referred to in the text is supplied; whilst, finally, the author has had the immense advantage of assistance from the "Onlie begetter of this Wessex" (as he styles him) in person.

Whether every genuine lover of Mr. Hardy's works will be prepared to welcome this book as an unqualified boon is, however, another and doubtless a less important matter. Hitherto the hunting up of the Hardeian localities has been the occupation of a small sect of enthusiasts, whose enthusiasm—tempered, as it was, by knowledge—might be held to justify them. Of these Mr. Windle was obviously one; perhaps the chief. Yet to him, I fear, it has fallen to throw open the door of Hardeian Wessex to the undiscriminating sightseer. What would we have? It is a democratic age in literature as elsewhere, and we had best move with the times. Let us, then, hasten to make amends for the mere smblance of cavilling by recommending every hotel-keeper in Wessex to provide his establishment with a copy of Mr. Windle's book. He will find it a good investment for his guinea.

The method of Mr. Windle—whose literary style, be it said in passing, is admirably clear and flowing—is first to escort us through Wessex, carefully pointing out every spot referred to in the novels as he goes; then to escort us through the novels categorically, with terse comment on the scenery of each. And, wherever it is possible, he makes Mr. Hardy describe his own scene. The novels, he tells us, which are especially rich in matter for the identifier of scenery are "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Tess," and "Jude the Obscure." The novel which, from this particular point of view, is the least satisfactory is "A Laodicean." We have followed him carefully through Casterbridge, and gladly acknowledge the laborious care and pains which he has taken in establishing the identity of places and even of things named in the most locally minute of all the novels. But we should have wished to find, in addition to several things that are new to us, a reference to the old Shire Hall—in which a judicial and a pastoral element were occasionally so quaintly mingled; as well as to the house occupied by the Mayor, which, we may add, has been pointed out to ourselves by the novelist in person. Also, in a work which by its minuteness seems to challenge microscopic criticism, we may direct attention to the error, "Marston" for Manston, on pages 43 and 80; to "home--along" for "home-along," p. 71, a printer's error; and to "Troublefield" being spoken of as a "corruption" of Turberville, whereas in reality it is merely one of those translations so familiar to readers of old charters. The suggestion (p. 15) that the painting of texts upon stiles is peculiar to the West Country is amazing. Wherever revivalism and a paint-pot come together, there these texts will be found. But the very fact that we are driven to mention these minutiæ speaks of itself to the general accuracy of the book. As for the pictures, for our own particular taste we admit that they are too realistic. Places over which poetry had hitherto cast its glow are now seen in the crude light of prose, unsoftened by the treatment of atmosphere, often without even the advantage of an artistic point of view. Sometimes, too, a picture entirely lacks in anything that is distinctive—as, for instance, that of the "Stile near Mellstock," which might be any stile in England. The town-scenes and pictures of houses are the best. And now, having taken exception to some points in the book, let us hasten to swell the sum of human inconsistencies by avowing that we hope to go into Wessex next week, and to take the book as our companion.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

*"The Wessex of Thomas Hardy." By Bertram Windle. Illustrated by Edmund New. 21s. (Lane.)

TWO NEW EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

No edition of Shakespeare more beautiful than this new "Folio" published by Mr. Grant Richards has appeared. The paper is hand-made; the type is (as the prospectus declares) "bold, black, eminently easy to read." The first part contains "The Tempest," and has for frontispiece an admirable reproduction of the Droeshout portrait. A few glossarial notes at the foot of the page are unobtrusively printed. It is as yet impossible to speak confidently of the text. Mr. Henley "will keep as close to the First Folio as he can." For "The Tempest" we have no source except the First Folio. The editor's sagacity will be tried when he arrives at plays for which the Folio provides a text manifestly inferior to that of the quartos; but so skilled a craftsman will be little likely to neglect the advantage of the earlier editions. Although he refers slightingly to those "who dispute about readings," his text is on every page indebted to those disputants, and sometimes, as for instance where he adopts Spedding's conjecture "unstaining garments" for the Folio reading "sustaining garments," it would have been wiser to adhere to the original. The ingenious emendation II., i., 246:

> *that she*, from whom
> We were all sea-swallow'd,

was conjectured by Mrs. Kemble. A list of readings wholly new at the end of each volume would be convenient, and would not disfigure the beautiful book.

The well-known Harvard edition is reproduced in the new Windsor Shakespeare in a form more attractive than that of 1881. Each volume contains a single play; the type and the paper are excellent. The most obvious distinction of Dr. Hudson's work was his plan of adapting his edition to the uses both of "the general reader" and special students by placing his explanatory notes at the foot of the page and his critical notes on the text at the end of each volume. He brought a fine literary feeling—and this has not always been the case with Shakespeare's editors—to the aid of his scholarship. But his scholarship was not quite on a level with his literary feeling; he had read less widely and accurately in Elizabethan literature than is desirable in the case of an editor. He held that the passion for emending the text had given place to an over-strained conservatism, and that this had led to forced explanations of obscurities, which might by judicious correction be removed. Accordingly he sometimes altered the original text in passages where a fuller acquaintance with Elizabethan literature would have justified the early readings. Bearing this caution in mind, the reader may in general trust himself to Hudson's guidance. He is never dull, and he is often more acute than editors of superior erudition. The short introductions to the plays are well-informed and agreeably written, quite sufficient for the purposes of "the general reader," but somewhat too scanty for the ends of careful study.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

IAN MACLAREN'S BOYS.†

I have some hesitation in *not* saying offhand that this book is the best piece of writing and Scottish character-photography that Ian Maclaren—as distinguished from Dr. Watson—has yet published. But I recall that one-third of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," which is the distillation of *Sunt Lachrymæ rerum* from the stoically borne agony of Scottish family affection, and that one-third of "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," which is the cream of the dry Old Moderate Walter Scott humour which sees into the foibles, but neither pretends nor seeks to see into the deeds, of men. So I content myself with giving it as my opinion that "Young Barbarians" is the most enjoyable book its author has written, and, from the literary point of view, at once the least ambitious and the most successful. Every man with any sense of humour is a grown-up schoolboy, and it is as such that Ian Maclaren looks on Bulldog and Speug and Nestie and the satellites of these bright particular stars of Muirtown Seminary. No doubt "Young Barbarians" will be said by many critics not to have the "strength" or "inevitableness" of the eternal "Stalky and Co.," and if "inevitableness" means the exploration of the slums of boy nature and the placing not only of old heads on young shoulders, but of almost sub-tropical viciousness—a very different thing, by the way, from sub-tropical vice—into young English hearts, Ian Maclaren's book will not stand comparison with its predecessor and rival. Nor can it be claimed for him, as it can be claimed for Mr. Kipling with perfect truth, that he is, in the sense that Dickens was, the special correspondent for present day humanity. But I doubt if ever what Sydney Smith termed "the simious schoolboy delight of giving pain to others"—tempered and rendered comparatively innocuous by the public opinion which is always to be found in a public school, at least of the "day" sort—was ever more agreeably or more truthfully exhibited than it has been in the hero-imps of Muirtown Seminary, and especially in that prince of dunces, practical jokers, and strategists, the immortal Speug. It is quite certain that even Ian Maclaren has never given a better representation of dour Scottish stoicism and pride than Dugald MacKinnon, *alias* Bulldog, the teacher of writing, arithmetic and mathematics in Muirtown, the remorseless martinet who loves his cane as he loves the young Red Indians he has disciplined into manliness with its help, the friend of the fatherless, and the secret cherisher of lower-animal pets. He is as good a satirist as the cynic of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," but never bores you with his satire. He is as good a stoic as Drumsheugh, and then he is not a pathetic failure, but a successful individualist. He leads his own life, dominates boys, brother-masters, parents, and magistrates alike by sheer force of character, retires from work when it suits him, declines a pension because he neither wishes nor requires it, and succumbs only to the kindness of his "laddies." But why, oh why, does Ian Maclaren go into the pulpit disguised at Dr. Watson and preach a little "Vanity Fair" sermon on life in general at the close of Bulldog's? Why does he represent Bulldog as calling Nestie to him and pointing to a "rough weather-beaten coaster" dropping down with the tide? "Newer and swifter vessels would take her place in the days to come, but the old craft had done her work well and faithfully, and now the cleanest and kindest of Scots rivers was carrying her gently to the eternal ocean." Thackeray or—Diabolus! As a matter of fact, what Bulldog did was to take Nestie by the ear, tell him *Sat est vixisse*, and ask him to translate the sentence, which, of course, that spluttering but delightful little incorrigible ignominiously failed to do.

But there are characters in "Young Barbarians" quite as good as Speug, and incidents quite as happy as the retirement of Bulldog. The soldierly Dunc Robertson, the "useful" (as athletes would say) Jock Howieson, the spirited little English boy Nestie protected of Speug and his partner in mischief, and the "typical" French Count who, exile and alien though he is, dotes on his "dogs," are valuable additions to the Ian Maclaren gallery. The fight between Muirtown Seminary and the rival schools is told with great vigour; and the parting of the gentle little English minister with his son and life is told at less length, but with greater self-restraint than the death of Dr. Maclure. On the other hand, Ian Maclaren exhibits some of the defects of his virtues. One gets tired of Moossy and Mr. Byles, the two "failures" of Muirtown Seminary; and Bailie MacConachie, the Goliath of the town, is overdone, and his drunken double is a mere caricature. There is a touch of journalistic theatricality in the "exciting finish" of the "triumph of the seminary" at cricket, and in the curing of Bulldog by giving him a sight of his cane. Dunc Robertson was born to death in war, but not Speug. That young rascal's inventiveness should have found scope in the revolutionising of an old good-going sleepy business concern. When all this is allowed, it remains to be said, and said with the cordiality of a Scottish hand-shake, that Ian Maclaren has produced one of the best, pleasantest, and healthiest books of the year, a work, too, which marks a distinct advance on the author's part as an artist. Boys will revel in it, and "grown-ups" should not allow its cover to mislead them into the belief that it is "merely a Christmas book."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

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* "The Works of Shakespeare." Edited by W. E. Henley. Volume I. Part I. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)
"The Windsor Shakespeare." Vols. I.—VIII. Edited, with Notes, by Henry N. Hudson, LL.D. (Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

† "Young Barbarians." By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

WELLAND HOUSE.

The residence of Lady Constantine in "Two on a Tower."

"The drive was also the common highway to the lower village, and hence Lady Constantine's residence and park, as is occasionally the case with old-fashioned manors, possessed none of the exclusiveness found in some aristocratic settlements. The parishioners looked upon the park avenue as their natural thoroughfare, particularly for christenings, weddings, and funerals, which passed the squire's mansion with due considerations as to the scenic effect of the same from the manor windows."
—"Two on a Tower."

THE HILL-TOP ON WHICH STOOD LADY CONSTANTINE'S TOWER.

"The fir-shrouded hill-top was (according to some antiquaries) an old Roman camp,—if it were not (as others insisted) an old British castle, or (as the rest swore) an old Saxon field of Witenagemote,—with remains of an outer and an inner vallum, a winding path leading up between their overlapping ends by an easy ascent. The spikelets from the trees formed a soft carpet over the route, and occasionally a brake of brambles barred the inter-spaces of the trunks."—"Two on a Tower."

THE NEW RICHARDSON.*

Between thirty and forty years ago a clever man of letters made an abstract of "Clarissa Harlowe," in despair of the book being ever read in its entirety. The failure of the experiment had the effect of demonstrating that Richardson must be read as a whole, or not at all. Now the reverse experiment is to be tried. We are presented, not with only one work of Richardson's unabridged, but with all of them, occupying twenty volumes, small indeed, but full of matter, owing to the compression of type, and adorned with facsimiles of the original title-pages and reproductions of plates from the early editions. It will not be the fault of editor or publisher if success is denied to this spirited undertaking. The decision rests entirely with the public; will they tolerate the admitted prolixity of Richardson's works in consideration of their truth to universal human nature and the manners of their own particular age? The latter feature, even more than their genius, may recommend them to a public curious respecting the past. They may be compared to those medals which in losing their original sharpness of outline have acquired a patina even more valued by the connoisseur. Richardson no longer paints manners for us as he did for his contemporaries, but he paints his contemporaries for posterity.

Miss McKenna's preface is a perfect piece of work. We hope to meet her again in other fields.

RICHARD GARNETT.

* "The Novels of Samuel Richardson." In Twenty Volumes. With an Introduction by Ethel M. M. McKenna. (Chapman and Hall.)

QUEEN MARY.

From a Portrait by Sir Antonio More, painted in Madrid.

Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Sands and Co., from "Mary I., Queen of England," by J. M. Stone.

MARY I., QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*

The popular portrait of "Bloody Mary" has long been fading under the bright light that modern research has shed upon the lives and characters of her contemporaries; and it was time that a more faithful presentment of the unhappy Queen should take the place of the sinister picture limned long ago by religious rancour and ignorant animosity. At least two modern historical writers have for some time past been engaged in the study of the subject; but the volume now before us has to some extent, perhaps, forestalled the result of their labours. Whether it has done so entirely a critical examination of the present work will best show. Let me begin by saying that the author—whose name is new to me, but who from certain signs in the text I should guess to be a lady—has produced a book which is in every way worthy of respectful attention. It is an honest, painstaking attempt to tell anew, entirely from contemporary sources, the events that surrounded the life of the first Queen Regnant of England, from her auspicious birth at Greenwich, in 1516, to her broken-hearted death at St. James's, forty-two years afterwards. The materials are mainly the published State Papers — Venetian, Spanish, and English — the Belgian transcripts at the Record Office, the Ambassades de Noailles, the Life of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, the Chronicle of Queen Jane (Camden Society), and the contemporary chroniclers. How largely the writing of such books depends upon the Record Office Calendars is seen very

* "The History of Mary I., Queen of England." By J. M. Stone. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (London: Sands and Co.)

markedly in the present case. From the Gairdner and Gayangos Calendars the events of Henry's reign up to 1542 are told with almost unnecessary minuteness in 185 pages. The next five years, not by any means the least interesting or important in Mary's life, are passed over in little more than a page, the reason evidently being that neither Dr. Gairdner's Calendar nor that now under my editorship are yet published for that period. I am very far from blaming the author for this: it is, of course, not possible for writers, unless they have unlimited time and money at their disposal, to track papers from one remote Continental archive to another. The fact is merely stated to show how closely the rewriting of English history has followed the publication of the home and foreign State Papers.

LITTLE HINTOCK (MELBURY OSMUND).

"'Tis such a little small place that, as a town gentleman, you'd need have a candle and lantern to find it if ye don't know where 'tis. Bedad! I wouldn't live there if they'd pay me to."—Mrs. Dollery in "The Woodlanders."

Reproduced from "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

This story of Mary is told by a somewhat old-fashioned and not very convincing method; that adopted by Birch, and later by Tytler; namely, the reproduction of entire contemporary letters slightly connected by a string of narrative. The objections to this method of writing history are obvious. In the first place, the space occupied by unessential parts of the letters causes the work generally to be "thin": and secondly, the opinions and prejudices of the writers are presented in all their crudity, without the corrective of a counter statement; and, above all, without the assimilative process that enables an historian to take in several of such contemporary evidences and to transmute their essences into a statement bearing the stamp of his own personality. It must be confessed that the absence of this assimilative process in the present case diminishes the attraction of the book, and reduces its chance of being regarded as the last word in the vindication of Mary Tudor.

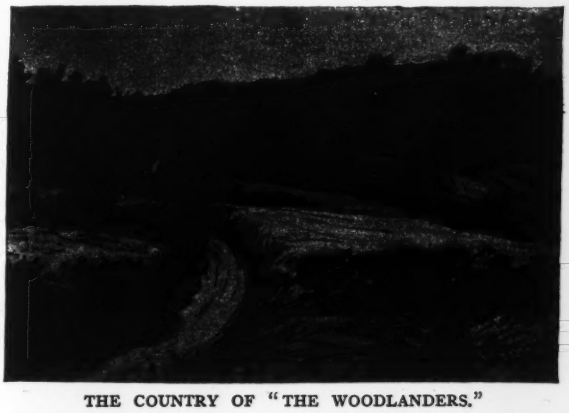
Nothing, for instance, is easier than to collect all the contemporary letters and records that tell in favour of a personage, and by printing them all without a counter statement to represent the subject as an angel. But in the case of Mary, though the popular idea of her is absurd, it is hardly less untrue to represent her as a sweet, gentle creature, whose one and only fault in life was her yielding to the insistence of Henry and Cromwell, and renouncing the Pope's supremacy and her own claim to legitimacy. It never seems to occur to the author of this biography that there was anything reprehensible in Mary's ceaseless secret intrigues behind her father's back for many years with the ambassadors of foreign powers, whose interests were not those of England. And yet the danger of such a course to Henry and his country at such a time can hardly be exaggerated. Granted that Henry's conduct towards his wife and daughter was atrocious, Katharine, at least, was patriotic and wise enough to know that she would not mend matters by political plotting with the Emperor's representatives to the detriment of England. Mary, whose wrongs were infinitely less than those of her heroic mother, had no such scruples, and was as stiff-necked and tactless as Henry himself. Whilst the author is full of sympathy for the unhappy Mary in the cruel pressure put upon her to change her faith, and looks upon her forced disingenuous recantation as a martydom, he has nothing but harsh words for Elizabeth under a similar ordeal. In fact, as he truly says in the preface, it is impossible to attempt to square the actions of personages of the sixteenth century with the ethics of our own times. None of the Tudors were angels; but none of them were worse than their contemporaries in similar situations. Cruelty is no matter of faith or of persons, but rather of periods of development; and it was not that Mary or Elizabeth or Philip was a fiend; but that the outlook of civilised man was then a different one from our own, and the life of an individual was worth infinitely less than at present when compared with the welfare of States and princes. But, whilst Mary was certainly no worse than other rulers of her time, an impartial historian will not blink her obvious personal faults. She was a hardly-tried, suffering woman, whose unhappy lot must needs enlist our sympathy'; but she was stubborn, tyrannical and morose; and ready on many occasions to postpone the interests of England and her people to considerations that would not have moved her greater sister a hair's-breadth. The book before us succeeds best as a political history of the times, rather than as a personal presentation of Mary herself. The Queen, throughout, remains a somewhat nebulous figure, sad and shadowy; but the political position of England and her Continental rivals is excellently traced with an unusually clear insight and knowledge. For this the book may be highly recommended, as a corrective of David Hume and Froude. There is much contemporary material in Spanish which the author has missed, his citations from Simancas being mainly obtained through Kervyn de Lettenhove's translations. Perhaps some day by the aid of this Spanish material, and certain private muniments published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, a full-length faithful personal portrait of Mary may be produced, which shall present her with all her faults, as well as her many virtues; but in the meanwhile Mr. Stone's book holds the field as being the best history of Mary and her times that has yet appeared.

MARTIN HUME.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON "IN DEFENCE OF BORROW."*

The impiety with which they were denounced for printing such a blasphemous book as "Lavengro" has not deterred Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. from reissuing the "Romany Rye," in a neat blue cover, with a "special introduction" by Mr. Watts-Dunton and a capital frontispiece of Horncastle fair, the scene of the chapters with which Borrow's great autobiographical romance comes to an abrupt conclusion. The special introduction consists of some forewords "in defence of Borrow." But with all deference to Mr. Watts-

* "Borrow's Romany Rye." With Special Introduction by Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Ward, Lock.)



THE COUNTRY OF "THE WOODLANDERS."

"The rambler who, for old association's sake, should trace the forsaken coach-road running almost in a meridional line from Bristol to the south shore of England, would find himself during the latter half of his journey in the vicinity of some extensive woodlands, interspersed with apple-orchards. Here the trees, timber or fruit-bearing, as the case may be, make the wayside hedges ragged by their drip and shade, their lower limbs stretching in level repose over the road, as though reclining on the insubstantial air."

Reproduced from "The Woodlanders," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Brothers.

OLD-GROVE'S PLACE. THE HOUSE FROM THE WINDOW OF WHICH SUE JUMPS IN "JUDE THE OBSCURE."

"We don't live at the school, you know (said Sue), but in that ancient dwelling across the way called Old-Grove's Place. It is so antique and dismal that it depresses me dreadfully. Such houses are very well to visit, but not to live in—I feel crushed into the earth by the weight of so many previous lives there spent. In a new place like these schools there is only your own life to support."—"Jude the Obscure."

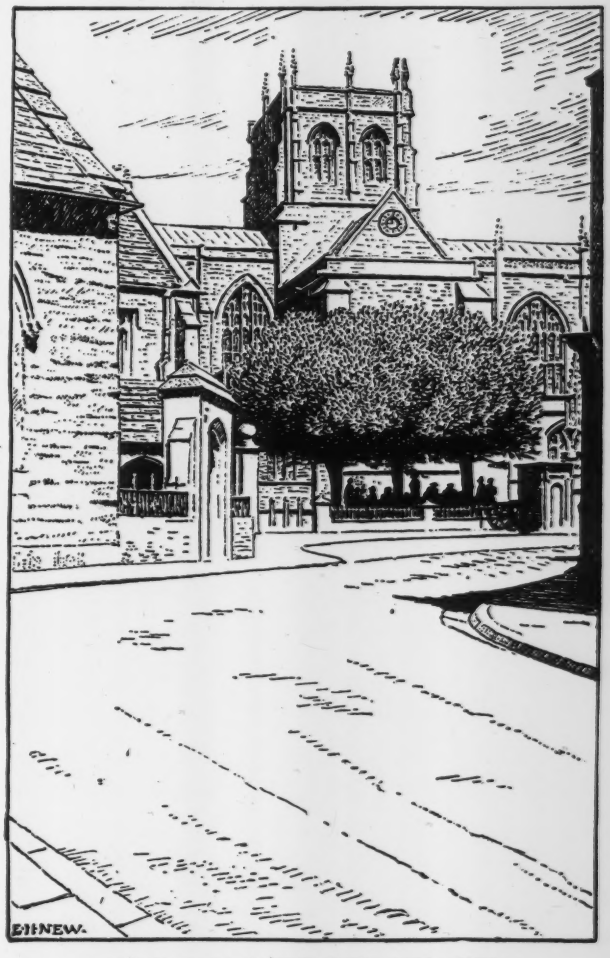
Dunton, Borrow needs no defence. If anyone is capable of taking his own part in a posthumous sense, Borrow is the man. You might as well try to defend the North Sea. You may have to defend yourself against it, and so, if you don't wish his prejudices to wash over you, you may have to defend yourself against Borrow. But everyone wishes to admire his strength and his power, and to derive exhilaration from one of the breeziest and most restorative writers of recent times. If Mr. Watts-Dunton could say of "Aylwin" half a century hence that it was going into "lots of new editions," I doubt whether he would attach much importance to the prospect of his "animal passions" being vindicated even by the staunchest of old friends. Far from any depreciation of Borrow being rife, it seems to us that a Borrovian legend is developing by leaps and bounds, and a literary halo is being formed, the importance of which to Borrow's fame is far beyond that which any literary biography has power to confer. This result is certainly not due to the discovery of any fresh perfections (or imperfections) in Borrow's character, but to the growing conviction that in "Lavengro" and its sequel, "Romany Rye," Borrow gave us a revelation of a man under conditions which preclude those who believe that the age of miracles is past from believing that the revelation is other than autobiographical. The occasions on which a biography, or autobiography, does succeed in revealing a real man of genuine interest to his fellow-men are so rare that this fact alone is enough to give Borrow's work a distinction that is almost unique. Mr. Birrell has recently expressed a fear, which caused him to sweat in his bed, lest Boswell, like all other biographers, should be a consummate liar, and Dr. Johnson, as depicted in the immortal Life, a mere figment of the imagination. Napoleon was no less emphatic in expressing his doubts as to the credibility of the great historians. The perspiration of the one and the scepticism of the other will not appear unjustifiable when we reflect how history perpetually justifies the event, and how invariably biography is devised to show that the most successful men are also the most amiable, the most virtuous, and the most witty. Those who believe that these things are journalism, and not truth, will continue to find more and more to admire in the Life of a protestant—against convention, and other things—like George Borrow.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

A magnificent end has crowned a magnificent work. Any review of these volumes must begin and close with a tribute of praise and congratulation. The work was nobly planned, and has been nobly executed. Editors, publishers and contributors have every reason to be proud: the world of letters has every reason to be grateful. To all who have helped to bring this monumental undertaking to a successful issue we offer our congratulations. To have had the least connection with such a publication is an honour, and an honour which the years will not dim. For they will add yearly tribute to the value and importance of the Dictionary of National Biography.

It would be impertinent to attempt anything like a criticism of these final volumes. To say that they are equal in attraction and merit to the work of which they form the supplement would be high but still inadequate commendation.



SHERTON ABBAS (SHERBORNE). THE ABBEY.

"The churches, the abbey, and other mediæval buildings on this clear bright morning having the linear distinctness of architectural drawings, as if the original dream and vision of the conceiving master-mason were for a brief hour flashed down through the centuries to an unappreciative age."
—"The Woodlanders."

Reproduced from "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

* "The Dictionary of National Biography Supplement." Vols. I., II., and III. Edited by Sidney Lee. 15s. net each vol. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. W. W. JACOBS.
Specially photographed for this number of "The Bookman" by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

For the present generation they are of superlative interest. The old familiar faces look out from almost every page. The very index is a chorus of praise in honour of these great, good days in which it has been good to live.

The Supplement opens, as is just and due, with a memoir of Mr. George Smith, to whose initiative and munificence the work owes its being; and it is no exaggeration to say that this biography is one of the most instructive and genuinely valuable in the work. Mr. Sidney Lee has contributed a fitting epitaph to a distinguished, remarkable career.

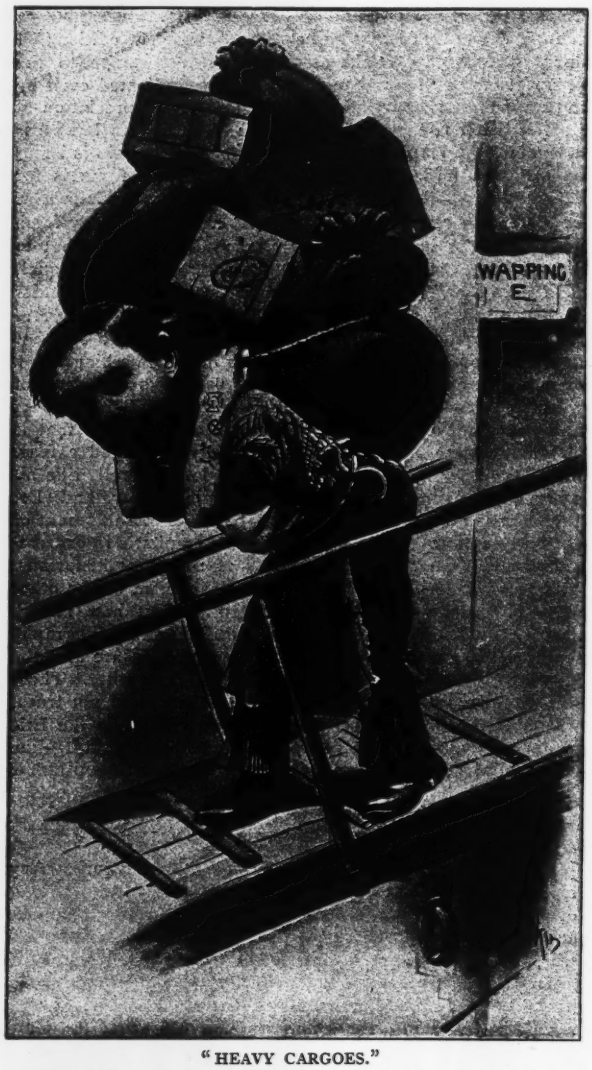
After a hurried glance through the volumes we find that if we attempted to comment on even a few of the articles we have marked, we should require the best part of this issue. We have discovered some errors, we have noted some strange and, as we think, important omissions, we have enjoyed ourselves greatly in compiling a list of biographies we should have inserted and biographies we should have left out, we have more than once found cause to differ distinctly from the verdicts of the writers, we have grudged the amount of space allotted to some names in comparison with others which to us are of greater moment; but—and this is the word we would wish to leave with those who have not yet subscribed for these volumes—we have found pleasure and instruction on every page, and from title to colophon an ever-increasing delight.

If it is right that the founder of the Dictionary of National Biography should occupy the first place in the Supplement, it is only just that Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor, should have the honour of writing the biography of Queen Victoria, which practically closes the work. Mr. Sidney Lee has done much brilliant work. His Life of Queen Victoria is the most brilliant work that has come from his pen. J. E. H. W.

TWO HUMORISTS.*

Reading "The Dolly Dialogues" again, I recapture the full sensation of wonder with which I read them first. It is a sensation I appear to have all to myself. This claim to originality may be unfounded; any claim to originality is shown up sooner or later. But, so far as I remember, nobody has done justice to the audacity of these "Dialogues." When they came out, we all said they were witty, sparkling, admirably finished, and so forth; but did anybody say that they presented to the charming married ladies of England a pocket-mirror, in which they might see some ambiguous reflections? Lady Mickleham flirts through all the moods and tenses (chiefly the subjunctive mood, I admit) with Mr. Samuel Carter. She was within an ace of marrying Mr. Carter when Lord Mickleham appeared on the scene at Monte Carlo. They gibed together at his shabby clothes while he was still a perfect stranger. When he was found to be an Earl, that was another pair of shoes, and an entirely different set of garments. She jilted Mr. Carter, a mere commoner with a trumpery estate in Hampshire, but accepted from him as a wedding present a brooch which symbolised his fractured heart, and she spent most of her time afterwards in mending that organ, or making believe to mend it. This surgery was practised under the nose of her husband, who did not observe it, as he was absorbed in amateur carpentry, or in making locks, like the blameless Louis XVI. Love laughs at locksmiths, and Mr. Carter treated Lord Mickleham with very little ceremony. He even had the effrontery to chronicle a dream in which Lady Dolly obtains admission to the Elysian Fields by kissing Rhadamanthus. (I commend this to the sarcastic French writer who says that English kissing is a process of wiping your lips and beginning again elsewhere.) When Mr. Carter is also admitted, the lady remarks, "Come along and help me to find Archie."

You may say that Mrs. Hilary Musgrave is not a flirt, and that she does her best to find Mr. Carter a wife who will correct the glaring faults of his character. Her choice of a

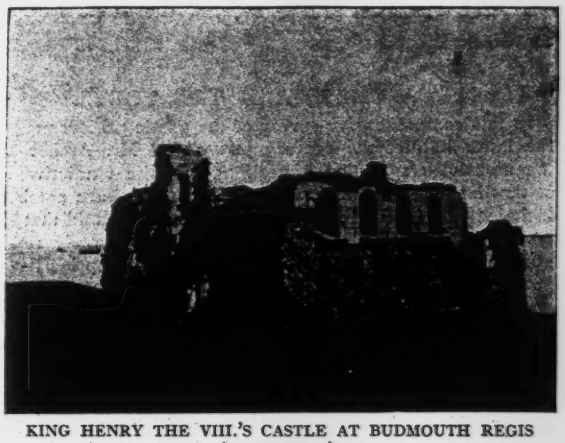


"HEAVY CARGOES."
From the Drawing by Scott Rankin, by kind permission of the Publishers of the *Windsor Magazine*.

* "The Dolly Dialogues." By Anthony Hope. 6s. and 10s. 6d. (James Nisbet and Co.)
"Light Freights." By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

DEADMAN'S BAY, ISLE OF SLINGERS (PORTLAND).

"The evening and night winds here were charged with a something that did not burden them elsewhere. It was a presence—an imaginary shape or essence from the human multitude lying below. . . . There could almost be felt the brush of their huge composite ghost as it ran, a shapeless figure, over the isle, shrieking for some good god who would disunite it again."—"The Well-Beloved."



KING HENRY THE VIII.'S CASTLE AT BUDMOUTH REGIS (WEYMOUTH).

"Like the Red King's Castle on the island, the interior was open to the sky, and when they entered and the full moon streamed down upon them over the edge of the enclosing masonry, the whole present reality faded from Jocelyn's mind under the press of memories. It was in this very spot that he was to have met the grandmother of the girl at his side."
—"The Well-Beloved."

reformer is not happy (see what happens to Mr. Carter when he meets Miss Milton), and I take leave to suspect the sincerity of her efforts. She is devoted to Hilary, no doubt; but she likes to have Mr. Carter as a frequent witness of this devotion. And pray note her astounding behaviour when she learns that another gentleman, smuggled out of the country to escape prosecution for embezzlement, confessed that he took the money in order that he might cut a figure in her society! She is overcome with emotion, and gives Mr. Carter a banknote to be transmitted to the culprit. "Supposing it had been another woman!" says Mr. Carter to himself. You will not find a more cynical reflection upon woman even in Thackeray. I thought we were definitely rid of that "microbe," as somebody described him not long ago in one literary journal. I read in another lately that what Thackeray mistook for "snobbery" is the self-respecting spirit of emulation. When you see a man toadying wealth or a title, you should know that his soul is struggling upwards. A third scribe informs us that Thackeray's teaching was "entirely harmful." That ought to be final; and yet here is Mr. Carter, without any reproach that I have ever seen, insinuating that a perfectly virtuous woman's impulse of generosity towards a fugitive criminal (she had raged at him five minutes earlier) is due to gratified vanity! I have no doubt that Thackeray, in the Elysian Fields (when not helping Lady Dolly to look for Archie, after introducing her to Becky), will rebuke Mr. Carter for out-Heroding Herod.

Mr. Anthony Hope has done much better work than this, though I daresay he is familiar with the admirers (bless their innocent hearts!) who ask why he does not write another book like "The Dolly Dialogues," instead of perplexing them with problems of conduct, as in "Quisanté" and "Tristram of Blent." It is lucky for humorists that conduct does not strike us all in the same light. A moralist might take Mr. W. W. Jacobs to task, if the medium in which he works were not the unbounded simplicity of seafaring men. Are all sailors as simple as Mr. Jacobs makes them appear? I roamed the billowy main as a child, too young, however, to note anything about the sailor except the impressive gravity with which he narrated yarns of sea-monsters. But Mr. Jacobs makes me believe that a life afloat generates artlessness even in the worst natures. If Iago had been a sailor, he could never have deceived a landsman. This raises the interesting question whether a philanthropic State ought not to insist upon a maritime training for the whole male population up to the age of twenty. Meanwhile, you may see in "Light Freights" how a town-bred urchin is the master in sheer cunning of a ship's crew, skipper and all. As a piece of pure humour, the story called "Sam's Boy" is one of the most delicious things I have ever read. The boy is homeless, and having watched a mongrel dog force itself upon an unwilling stranger, he tries his luck at the same game with the simple sailor. When this infant schemer makes up his mind that somebody on board the *Nancy Bell* shall be his "father," the whole company are as babes in his hands. I will not spoil the story by trying to tell it. It is one of the happiest inspirations of a writer who has done so much to divert us from our complicated society of landlubbers. When Mr. Jacobs is minded to write a serious treatise, I hope he will urge upon the State the expediency of sending us to sea in our youth.

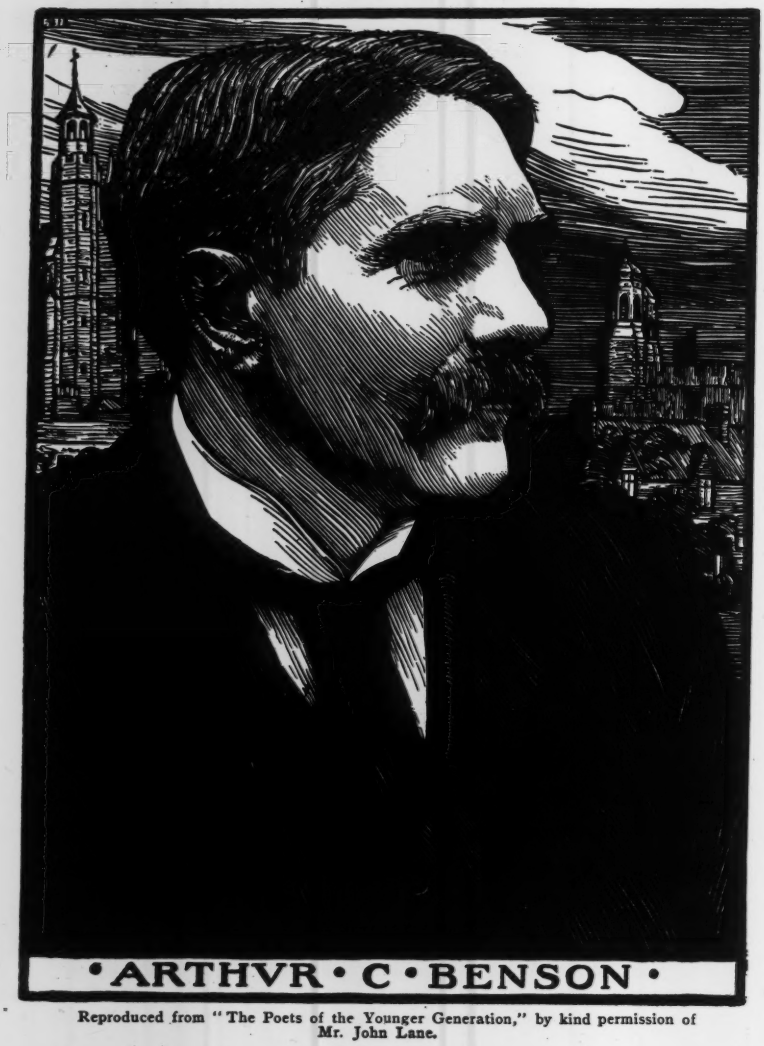
L. F. AUSTIN.

"DOLLY."

Reproduced from the new edition of "The Dolly Dialogues," by kind permission of Messrs. Nisbet and Co.

MR. ARCHER AND THE POETS.*

In this comprehensive survey of the poetic achievement of the latter half of the century just closed Mr. Archer has ingeniously safeguarded himself against the vindictiveness of that large section of the irritable race who have not been included in his bulky volume. No one need be told that the poetic resources of these islands are inadequately represented by the fortunate thirty-three who make up his list of poets; or rather I should say by the five or six and twenty, for seven at least of his thirty-three belong to over-seas. Mark Mr. Archer's delightful cannieness. He carefully excludes the definite article from his title—"Poets," not The Poets, "of the Younger Generation." He includes only those born since 1850, though he has "not looked very closely into birth certificates." He has dealt only with poets "who still seemed to be more or less on probation," though since the book was completed (in 1899) several of these "are now on probation no longer." He cheerfully acknowledges that there are probably poets he has never heard of—more's the pity!—and that there are poets whom he has regretfully omitted "for no better reason than that their work did not happen to chime with his idiosyncrasy." Who, in these circumstances, can possibly feel slighted or aggrieved, either by omission or inclusion? Finally, with a charming frankness, he presents his credentials in a little autobiographical sketch, which, it is to be hoped, will not make mirth among the Philistines. One trembles to think, however, of the new terror to criticism were each of us called on for a similar vindication of our pretensions to sit in judgment.



Reproduced from "The Poets of the Younger Generation," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Archer's likes and dislikes, his aptitudes and limitations, are entertaining enough in their way, and possibly his extreme sensibility to certain musical cadences, coupled with the fact that his emotion is the same whether they are "reeled off on a barrel-organ or performed by the finest orchestra," may help to account for some of his preferences. It is perplexing, for instance, that with the whole range of English literature to choose from he should pick out for a prodigal enthusiasm "Frater Ave atque Vale" and

> "You meaner beauties of the night."

With Mr. Archer's general attitude towards poetry few will be disposed to quarrel. The hundred and one definitions demonstrate the impossibility of pinning on a card that elusive something which is of the essence of poetry; but it is clear that he accepts the orthodox creed. It is only when he comes to application that one sees how identity of standard by no means precludes diversity of judgment. In the main his estimates are appreciative, and at the same time frankly and soundly critical; but the mere fact that he has preferred to discuss each of his poets "as though he or she were the only poet of the younger generation" destroys that sense of proportion and comparative importance which otherwise would have much enhanced the value of his book. One is disposed to over-value rather than to under-value the "very remarkable body of poetry" which he has drawn together; and so far from deploring the poetic decadence of our time, to imagine that there has rarely been a period more distinguished for plenitude of inspiration and supreme technical accomplishment. A cool afterthought enables us to understand that specimens which loom large in the tanks suffer a marked sea-change when put back into blue water.

Mr. Archer leaves it to ourselves to decide upon the living writers who he believes "will be reckoned by posterity among the major poets of our time." It would have been invidious to take any other course, but a glance at the length of his estimates furnishes some material for a fair guess. The poets whom he discusses with a significant fulness stand in the following order:—Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. Newbolt. Except in the case of Mr. Yeats, this list seems judicious enough, when it has been noted that a great deal of the space given to Mr. Phillips is occupied with a protest against his metrical heresies. Mr. Archer's views on this subject are excellently put, and are among the truest and most useful criticisms in the volume. It needed someone to say that there are lines in Milton which are "frankly ugly and of evil precedent," and that the "inverted fifth stress" is even more inadmissible than the *co-arda* of Irish verse, with its quaint unaccented rhyme-syllable—

> And to-day the dust lies thick
> On learned lay and lyric.

Notwithstanding a general concurrence in Mr. Archer's judgments, one is forced to demur occasionally. "Surely a noble line!" he exclaims, quoting the cry of Eremus, in Mr. Phillips's first published poem:

> And hast thou power to bring me face to face
> With Truth, sad spirit, older even than God?

"Surely a nonsensical line!" one is provoked to retort. I pass over the hypercritical objection to the "dissyllabic epithets in y" in one of Mr. Davidson's stanzas (p. 152), and take the remark on the lines—

> And meet your splendid doom
> On heaven-scaling wings:

* "Poets of the Younger Generation." By William Archer. With 33 Full-page Portraits from Woodcuts by Robert Bryden. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

"The epithet 'heaven-scaling' seems to halt both in metre and thought; for scaling is essentially a pedestrian process, incompatible with the very idea of wings." A pedestrian process! So too is "ascending," which is radically the same word, though probably Mr. Archer would not recoil from "heaven-ascending wings." What about the music scale? And might not a poet conceive of each stroke of the wing as a rung in the aerial ladder?

These things, however, are trifles. Mr. Archer has produced a book of considerable interest, notwithstanding its obvious limitations, and in doing so he has done good service to poetry. And poetry, I can agree with him, is still "a great force" in the world, though I am far from agreeing that it "has the religion of the future in its hands." For, if I understand the word poetry in this context, the vital element of Christianity is by no means "simply the poetry of the life, character, and utterances of its Founder."

WILLIAM CANTON.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

Though simply an "historical atlas," of no great size, this volume may be compared with Mr. Lilly's careful and accurate "Renaissance Types," travelling as it does over pretty much the same ground. From very different points of the compass both writers arrive at conclusions which are nearly always identical. We can never open a book by Professor Saintsbury without feeling astonished at his wide and yet minute reading, his liveliness and vigour, his robust judgment. He is often a little masterful, and contrives to let us know in a resonant aside what principles, persons, and shibboleths find no favour with him. But he does set his readers wishing to follow up the quest of literature; he puts the clue into their hands; he kindles in them a passion to learn more of the great and beautiful things to be found in forgotten pages. For all that we must thank him. In the present sketch he has breasted a mounting wave—knowledge, prejudice, ignorance, false ideas lend to the Renaissance a momentum which only the daring will affront. And how has he succeeded? On the whole, admirably. That should be the critic's first word, and his last.

But we must not look for the glancing or ruby lights which some others—Symonds, and above all Pater—have flung over this enchanted kingdom. A sketch-map is not a romance. Names of dazzling renown fill these chapters—Erasmus, More, Ariosto, Rabelais, Michael Angelo; others of a gloomier tinge—Luther, Calvin, and their kind; with all the Latinists who deified Cicero and Virgil. We learn about them a thousand things worth knowing; the sentences are full-packed with information; excellent plain talk, one would call it, unaffected, downright, strong rather than delicate, curiously British in its solid weight and self-trust. On Rabelais the Professor is always at home; he writes of Pantagruel with enthusiasm. Ariosto, he suspects, is not much cultivated in a busy world; therefore he gives to the Orlando Furioso a long disquisition from which idle people may quote as if they knew all about Astolfo and the Hippogriff—as it is only too certain they do not. He is very kind to Erasmus, whom he sets over against Voltaire to heighten a contrast rather than a resemblance. Machiavelli might have received more attention; he is very little known except by name in this country. And perhaps the Latin versifiers might have been dismissed in fewer paragraphs; while admitting all that Professor Saintsbury throws out in a suggestive manner as to their uses and seasonableness, it remains true that Vida and even Fracastoro have gone down irrevocably to Hades. The Professor, who loves his Latin Vulgate, who is subdued or lifted up by the music of the mediæval hymns, sequences, and Mass-prayers, cannot, indeed, be charged, like Bembo and his school, with Paganism in the wrong place. He holds the scales evenly poised. From the concluding page we rise with a conviction which still is not so popular as it ought to be—that the Renaissance, in literature, was a movement of imitation, not of originality; that its critical faculties were imperfect, and its best work preparation; that it resisted authority, yet was in love with despotism; that the highest poets, preachers, historians, philosophers, belong to an earlier or a later time. Schoolmaster, pedant, voluptuary, rebel, and unfrocked friar, it is well summed in Erasmus, Politian, Ariosto, Luther, and Rabelais. With all these we seem now to have done, or only Erasmus is left.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Earlier Renaissance." By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. (Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.)

MATILDE SERAO.
From Photo by Toppo, Naples.

TWO TALES BY MATILDE SERAO.*

The work of Madame Serao has attained to a high rank in European fiction. In her own country there are few writers of fiction to be named before her—only Verga and D'Annunzio, perhaps. To outsiders, at least, she is more readable, as she is infinitely more of an artist, than Foggozaro and De Amicis. Not that she is always artist. The last book of hers we reviewed in these pages, "The Land of Cockayne," was a powerful dramatic tract, and her burning human sympathies have frequently forced her to drive all immediate thought of art aside, that she might make appeal to the world to right a wrong, or, at least, to open its eyes and see where wrong is flourishing amid indifference. But here the artist has full sway. The effects in these two stories are carefully arranged. No words are wasted. Scene and circumstance and atmosphere and narrative are contrived in an admirable harmony in each of them. Yet we hardly pause to admire, for in all Matilde Serao's work, whether it be a bit of special pleading, or whether, as here, it be something to delight our sense of art, the strongest flavour is always that of human sympathy, and we are borne on its quick wave to the end. In the two tales before us the sentiment is delicate, sincere, and robust. There has not been wanting in modern fiction abundant "gush" over the heroines of the stage and the ballet. It has been left to this writer to conceive this idyllic tragedy of a *coryphée* who was not beautiful or very gifted, but whose frugal, sordid, shabby life was illumined by the light of hero-worship. By her love of beauty, altogether faithful and disinterested, she rose out of her narrow circumstance almost to genius.

In the second story the interest is very varied, and the pathos distractingly divided between the prisoner on lonely Nisida, the parricide who yet treads worshipfully in the footsteps of a child, the woman whose whole nature is outraged because her little son lives and dies in a convict atmosphere, and her

* "The Ballet Dancer" and "On Guard." By Matilde Serao. 6s. (Heinemann.)

husband, the ardent patriot, old fighter in the war of Italian liberty, condemned to watch benevolently over his convicts while yet his country is not all free. In one memorable scene is described his assembling of every soul on the convict island to tell the news that Victor Emmanuel has entered Venice. Madame Serao has worked successfully on larger canvases; but we are inclined to think the translator has shown us in these two stories the finest flowers of her art.

Novel Notes.

THE BENEFACTRESS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." 6s. (Macmillan.)

Although "Elizabeth" (is it not time that both press and public had the pleasure of welcoming this gifted lady under a more dignified title?) has not altogether succeeded in writing a novel, she has once more produced a book which it is an unqualified pleasure to read. There are pages in "The Benefactress" when we feel that we are on the verge of a capital situation, a dramatic, moving story, and then suddenly the author seems conscious of an unaccustomed temerity, and in a few lines leaps back to security in the ever-delightful descriptions of German country life and character. The betrothal in the prison, which closes and ought rather to begin the book, is such a scene. It is a remarkable page—tender, touching, and strongly pathetic.

THE ENTRANCE TO ELIZABETH'S GARDEN.

"The entrance to my Eden has no cherubim, and no flaming sword to defend it against the assaults of trespassers; but, that it may not be entirely unprotected, it has these two notes of exclamation on the gate-post, and they are so terrifying in their bigness and blackness that the most determined trespasser would pause at the sight of them. I never pass them myself without a faint feeling of wrong-doing."

Reproduced from the illustrated edition of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

But it leads to nothing—but the disappointment of the reader. After all, the comparative failure of "The Benefactress" in no way proves that "Elizabeth" cannot write an excellent novel. In this book she is hampered throughout by a rather absurd *motif*, which might have been treated farcically with excellent effect, but which she refuses to regard as extravaganza and tries to take, and, worse still, tries to make her readers take, *au grand sérieux*. The comedy of Anna Estcourt's grand philanthropic scheme would be bright and entertaining if "Elizabeth" were not always pointing to the grim tragedy which underlies it all. The snobbishness, pettiness, stupidity, vulgarity of Anna's "guests" might have been intensely amusing or intensely hateful, and therefore almost attractive. In "Elizabeth's" hands it is neither; it is just a little sad and a little pitiful and a little tiresome. Perhaps it is all very lifelike, but only a genius of the highest rank can make a reader understand the pity of vulgarity and the infinite pain of pettiness. "The Benefactress" is, like "Elizabeth's" previous work, to be read for its pictures of German life and manners and its bitter-sweet sarcasm and half kind, half cruel wit. Though she is hard, "Elizabeth" never errs in her characterisation of the German countryfolk, and as a picture of life of which the ordinary reader knows little—for which he may render grateful thanks—"The Benefactress" is crammed with entertainment and amusement. Many will no doubt search its pages for new revelations of an unusually fascinating personality. They

ELIZABETH'S HOUSE.

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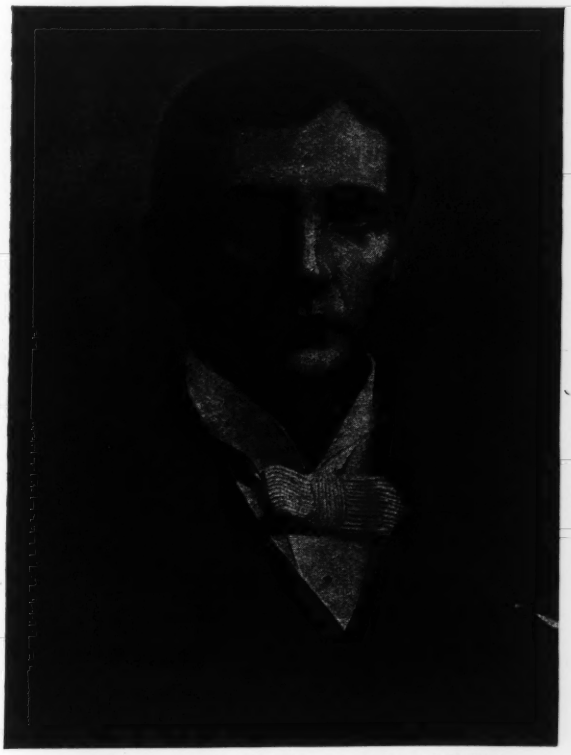
will not be disappointed. Revelations there are in every chapter and every chapter enhances our interest in the author—and, if we may be permitted to say so, our admiration of her courage.

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT. By Mary J. H. Skrine. 6s. (Lane.)

There are stories here that will enchant all lovers of children. Children will not be their best appreciators. To see themselves watched as they are here, no matter with how much sympathy and understanding, might only puzzle some young creatures, and the result seem doubtfully amusing to the wholesome-minded, unconscious ones who are most like the delightful personages of the book. But all "grown-ups" with keen memories of their childhood will recognise the truth and the consolation in these charming comedies and idylls. "How Clytemnestra Saved a Kingdom" is perhaps the best, though "The Godfather at Play" runs it hard. This second is a curiously interesting, almost scien-

MRS. JOHN SKRINE.
A new writer of much promise.

tific study of the difference between childish and grown-up make-believe, worth the attention of all students of that mystery of mysteries, the human imagination.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. A. E. W. MASON,
Whose novel, "Clementina," is one of the most stirring romances of recent years.
Photographed specially for "The Bookman" by Messrs. Russell & Sons.

CLEMENTINA. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Methuen.)

We congratulate Mr. Mason. "Clementina" is excellently well done, as good as the very best products of the new revival of historical romance. It is so admirable a piece of work that for once the usual deadly parallel with Dumas is praise rather than reproach. The adventures of Wogan and his three companions are full of delightful reminiscences, it is true; but more than once we find ourselves wondering whether the immortal three would have come scathless through the perils that befel the rescuers of Clementina. A greater compliment to Mr. Mason it would surely be difficult to pay. In daring, in resource and heroic bearing Mr. Mason's hero has but one peer in the realm of recent fiction, and he, need we say, is the central figure in the romances of Zenda. But we have a serious quarrel with Mr. Mason. What excuse under the sun can he find for the pitiable ending of "Clementina," which, according to a new-fangled and pernicious recipe, leaves "two couples cross-mated" and Wogan riding alone into the darkness? The only possible justification of such treatment of such hero and heroine would be the promise of a sequel, in which the lady should at length "ride into the city of Wogan's dreams," and that Mr. Mason has refused in a melancholy epilogue which we can only agree to forgive if Mr. Mason will agree to forget.

WHEN THE LAND WAS YOUNG. By Lafayette McLaws. 6s. (Constable.)

There is a curious family likeness about many of the historical and semi-historical novels that are coming to us in such plenty just now from America. They are very capably and entertainingly written, but quite lacking in individuality; there is such a sameness in the style and treatment, as if they were all turned out by the same business-like hand, or by different hands who from long practice under the same master could execute such work with mechanical accuracy on one common formula. "When the Land was Young," dealing with the early years of America, is as well written and as generally interesting as the best of these, and it is pleasantly distinguished from them by the freshness and piquancy of its heroine, Mistress Antoinette. Here are hair-breadth escapes from Indians, fights with brutal Spaniards, rescues from Spanish dungeons, cruisings with bold buccaneers, the hero's friends, when captured, being preserved and the killing of them postponed till to-morrow or the day after, or even longer, that he may have time to come and save them—all the fine, favourite stage properties of romance; and right among them you have Mistress Antoinette so new and living herself that she makes all the rest alive. Women have played the man in other stories, but not quite in her way. Without her the book would still have been readable, but with her it is worth reading, which is infinitely more.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By George Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)

Without actual adventure, without any love interest—if we except the one case of the mother's love for her son—with scarcely a woman in the book, Mr. Douglas has written a strong and impressive piece of fiction. It is very quietly done; not till the story nears its close does the tragedy move quickly. When it does move, however, it moves to some purpose; we realise the force which has been accumulating from the outset; and the end is gruesome. The book is not gloomy; indeed, it is the reverse; there is humour in plenty. There are also clever, incisive writing, good phrasing, fine characterisation, and true insight. Surely only a Scot would dare to draw such a picture of a Scottish village; it is entertaining, and it is apt in its witticisms, but it is remorselessly cruel—there is scarcely one kind heart in it. Barbie is the village, and John Gourlay, of the House with the Green Shutters, is the big man of it; a harsh, purse-proud, cheating, unintelligent bully, who wins the detestation (and the fear) of everyone; a man whose downfall anyone with a human weakness for retribution would be glad to see accomplished. And yet—when it is accomplished, when the downfall comes and overwhelms him, one is not glad. The man is great in his way, and the other man who sets to work to accomplish the ruin is so shrewd, so unscrupulous, so mean, that the reader veers; the bully is preferable to the sneak. John Gourlay is the main theme of the book, but he is by no means the only one. John Gourlay's son, with his fine perceptions, his sensitiveness, his brag, his cowardice; Mrs. Gourlay, with her slatternly ways, her sufferings, her apathy, and her piteous love for her boy; even Janet, Gourlay's daughter, so unattractive and so sickly, drawn with so few touches; all are almost terrible in their reality. And terrible is the meeting between father and son, when young John, soaked with drink, comes home, frightened and desperate, expelled from Edinburgh University; when the strong nature plays with the weak with excess of cruelty, till the weak, becoming maddened, ends the scene with catastrophe. Mr. Douglas shows that he can handle strong situations, and his book proves that he is able to write with power and originality.

"GEORGE DOUGLAS."
The author of that remarkable novel, "The House with the Green Shutters."

The Bookman's Table.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. With Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. Vol. I. With Plates and Maps. 15s. (Heinemann.)

The ambitious title of this work will be acknowledged as true and reasonable after a serious examination of the scheme of the undertaking and the contents of this first volume. It is a survey of man's record, but it is also a universal history in every sense of the word. Professor Bryce, in his introductory essay, which goes far towards being an education in itself, points out that the time for endeavouring to produce a history of the world upon a new plan seems to have arrived, in view of the vast increase in our materials and the corresponding widening of our conception of what such a history should be. Our knowledge, we may urge without boastfulness, has increased enormously since the beginning of the last century; research, travel, observation and inquiry have brought materials into our possession which give us power to read and know the pre-historic age far better than could those who lived comparatively near to it. We have also an improved capacity for dealing with this material which has come to us, a clear-headed reasoning, a critical judgment, absolutely necessary for such work. And, added to this, the progress of science has made possible an understanding of countries and peoples, types and temperaments, conditions and environments, without which no history can be universal. This work, which will be complete in eight volumes, will present the past as a whole, small nations with large, civilised peoples with barbarians, nature, man, evolution. "Universal history is the history of the development of mankind in the aggregate"; and here each people and its influence is traced in detail and with high intelligence. The first chapter, written by the editor himself, deals with the idea of universal history, its subject-matter and aim. But the whole volume is to a large extent an introductory volume, dealing with the first principle of a history of the development of mankind, with man as a phenomenon on the earth, and with pre-historic times; then going on to America's primitive races, and her history from the beginning to the present time; and from that to the historical importance of the Pacific Ocean. Throughout the volume scholarship, vigorous thought, and a desire for truth are impressed upon the writing, convincing the reader that the history when finished may be looked upon as a complete picture of the world and its progress, and, undoubtedly, as a monumental piece of historical work.

A MOTLEY CREW. By Mrs. G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

A more than usually motley crew are these "reminiscences, observations, and attempts at play-writing," which Mrs. Steevens has published in compliance with the wish of one whose name will long be remembered as that of a most brilliant journalist and war correspondent. Notwithstanding her pretty warning to the critics, one of them at least is disposed to take the risk of encouraging her to "go on." The articles on "Charities and Charity," with their clearness of statement, their breadth of view, and their frank good sense, are admirable journalism; while still higher and rarer qualities reveal themselves in "The Opinions of an Old Lady," which presents a lifelike and gracious realisation of Mrs. Oliphant, pleasant to remember in its brightness and shrewdness after the melancholy impression made by her biography. The dramatic pieces give evidence of a genuine gift for one of the most difficult of all arts, though in each instance here the skill of execution is more conspicuous than the originality of conception. The least individual and successful portion of the book is the essays in fiction, though even in these ability is not wanting. The "Sketches from Life" are told with a certain severe directness and sincerity, but the story "Can a Mother Forget?" which ought to thrill, yet somehow does not, is more than once sadly marred by slips into unreality.

GUIDE TO ITALY. With Maps. 10s. (Macmillan.)

The arrangement of the matter contained in this guide-book is novel. The journey by train is separated from the sight-seeing, and all the places which are deserving of a visit by the ordinary tourist—who is in somewhat of a hurry as a rule—are grouped together in an alphabetical index. This is a device which tends to lessen confusion and minimises the trouble of reference. The style and get-up of the book are popular, and those who do not wish to venture off the beaten track are certain to find it useful. It is prefaced *inter alia* by two long chapters on Italian Art and Architecture respectively, the perusal of which will enable the British paterfamilias, when he returns home, to discourse learnedly on those subjects, and will save him from falling into the error of the gentleman in *Punch* who imagined Botticelli to be a new variety of cheese. The serious traveller will probably find the information meagre, but the work is not intended for him. The maps are excellent. There appear to be some small mistakes; *e.g.*, it is an electric tram, and not a steam tram, which runs along the Corso at Naples—a curious slip in a guide-book published in 1901. Some of the modes of transit from one place to another are not sufficiently clearly indicated. A traveller should be told the best and quickest way of getting from one place to another, and not be left to make his choice unaided from a number of alternative means of locomotion.

THE SUNRISE OF REVELATION: NEW TESTAMENT TEACHING FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By M. Bramston. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

Miss Bramston intends her present publication, which is a history of New Testament times, to be a sequel to the Old Testament history which she has already issued under the title, "The Dawn of Revelation." Twenty-one lessons, of seven or eight small pages each, carry us to the end of the first century, and three lessons are added on the early Christian writings. The chapters are written in a style likely to engage the attention, and they have been prepared with care and sufficient knowledge. There are no maps—a serious defect in a school-book—and there is no index. Objection will necessarily be taken to certain details, as that St. Paul's visit to Arabia included a pilgrimage to Sinai; that "stake in the flesh" is preferable to "thorn" (refuted by recent criticism); that the name "Christian" was given in contempt, thus missing the historical significance of the fact that it was at Antioch that the Church of Christ was first recognised as a new community distinct from Judaism. Miss Bramston dates the birth of Christ in 6 B.C., and the beginning of His ministry in 26 A.D. For school purposes, it seems to us, there are better books; but it is a good preliminary sketch, which may induce the scholar to pursue the study.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

The New Books of the Month.

SEPTEMBER 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEET, JOSEPH AGAR, D.D.—The Immortality of the Soul, 2/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

BENSON, R. M.—The War Songs of the Prince of Peace. 2 Vols. 5/- net each ..... *Murray*

BOWIE, W. COPELAND.—Liberal Religious Thought at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century, 2/6 net ..... *Green*
[Addresses delivered in connection with the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Thinkers and Workers.]

BURRELL, DAVID JAMES, D.D.—The Unaccountable Man, and Other Sermons, 3/6 net ..... *Robinson*
[The title sermon deals mainly with the personality of Christ, which the author urges is often in danger of being neglected for a more ethical system in religion.]

D'ARCY, CHARLES F., D.D.—Ruling Ideas of Our Lord, 2/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*

DAVIES, DAVID CHARLES, M.A.—The Atonement and Intercession of Christ. Edited by D. E. Jenkins. 4/- ... *T. & T. Clark*

Foundation Truths of the Gospel, 3/6 ..... *Morgan & Scott*
[Essays contributed to the *Christian* with the object of offering trustworthy teaching regarding the elements of Christian theology.]

GAMBLE, H. R., M.A.—Sunday and the Sabbath, 2/6 net *Murray*
[Teaching what the author believes to be the only theory of Sunday, giving the origin of the Jewish Sabbath, its nature and basis, the origin of the Christian Sunday, and its evolution.]

GIBSON, REV. J. MONRO, M.A., D.D.—Apocalyptic Sketches, 2/6 *Stockwell*
[Deals with twelve chief points in the Book of Revelation in a manner which is thoughtful and illuminating.]

GIBSON, REV. J. MONRO, M.A., D.D.—Protestant Principles, 1/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

HORDER, W. GARRETT.—Why? Religious? Christian? Protestant? Free Churchman? 1/- net ..... *Stockwell*
[Presents the root reasons for the positions held by the members of the Free Churches.]

MACGREGOR, REV. GEORGE H. C., M.A.—Messages of the Old Testament, 3/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
[Messages interpreted for devout souls as well as for actual students of the Bible. The addresses range from Genesis to Joel, and are noticeable for penetration and intellectuality.]

MITCHELL, REV. JOHN.—Stones for Sermon Builders, 2/- *Stockwell*
[A useful book for young preachers. Texts are given, a short sermon added, and salient points noted.]

MORRISON, REV. G. H., M.A.—Flood-Tide. Sunday Evenings in a City Pulpit. 5/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
[Goes far towards solving the "second service" question; throws into simple form and arresting language subjects which appeal to young and old.]

OWEN, REV. T. NEWTON, M.A.—The Gospel for an Age of Hope, 1/- net ..... *Stockwell*
[Addresses which were delivered extempore, and retain their intimate manner.. "Patience raised to the point of joyfulness —that's hope," says the author. An encouraging volume.]

PETERS, JOHN P., PH.D., D.D., etc.—The Old Testament and the New Scholarship, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

PURCHAS, H. T., M.A.—Johannine Problems and Modern Needs, 3/- net ..... *Macmillan*
[Mr. Purchas has not been deterred by timidity or conventional opinions in attacking this subject, and sincere criticism should be the reward.]

SHERIDAN, R. BRINSLEY CASSAVETTI.—The Greek Catholic Church, 1/- ..... *Williams & Norgate*
[Designed to show that there is no foundation for statements frequently made respecting the recognition by the Eastern Church of the Anglican position.]

SINCLAIR, WILLIAM MACDONALD, D.D.—Likewise the Younger Women, 3/6 ..... *Richards*
[Words of help to women in reference to religious thought. The book is straightforward, sympathetic, and practical.]

THOMAS, G. P., M.A., PH.D.—Ten Dialogues between a Churchman and a Dissenter, 1/- net ..... *Stockwell*
[The teaching would have been more convincing had the intelligence of the disputants been more obviously equal.]

WARD, REV. ALGERNON, M.A.—A Guide to the Study of the Book of Common Prayer, 1/- net ..... *Simpkin, Marshall*
[A practical guide to definite study of the Prayer Book, bringing to notice important points and fundamental questions involved.]

YOUNG, DINSDALE T.—Neglected People of the Bible, 3/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*
[A somewhat unique book, picturesque, and teeming with suggestion. There are fifteen of these less-known personalities, forming an illuminating line of portraits.]

NEW EDITIONS.

LIGHTFOOT, J. B., D.D., D.C.L., etc.—The Christian Ministry, 3/- net ..... *Macmillan*
[This essay is printed by the Lightfoot Fund Trustees, in response to many earnest applications.]

MEYER, REV. F. B., B.A.—Elijah: And the Secret of his Power, 2/6 *Morgan & Scott*
[The first volume of the re-issue in handsome form of the Rev. F. B. Meyer's popular Scripture biographies.]

FICTION.

ACKWORTH, JOHN.—The Coming of the Preachers, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

BACHELLER, IRVING.—Dri and I, 6/- ..... *Richards*

BAGOT, RICHARD.—The Just and the Unjust, 6/- ..... *Lane*

BARBOUR, A. MAYNARD.—That Mainwaring Affair, 3/6 *Ward, Lock*
[Hugh Mainwaring, rich, polished, shrewd, and a man of business, had a shaded past, with a twin brother in it. Murder, important papers, detectives, lovers, hurry the reader through a time of great excitement; and a big surprise concludes a sensational story.]

BECKE, LOUIS.—Yorke the Adventurer, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

BENSON, B. K.—A Friend with the Countersign, 6/- ... *Macmillan*
[Jones Berwick, the narrator, when hit on the head by a shell, lost all recollection of his political opinions and fought on the rebel side in the American Civil War. No man can do that sort of thing without stirring results—in fiction.]

BLISSETT, NELLIE K.—The Most Famous Lota, 6/- ... *Blackwood*

BRUNSKILL, F. R.—Donnie, 2/6 ..... *Stockwell*
[The cover terms this story "popular." It is readable, and ends with a wedding.]

BURGIN, G. B.—A Goddess of Gray's Inn, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

BULLEN, FRANK T.—Deep-Sea Plunderings, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—An Ill Wind, 6/- ..... *Long*

CAPES, BERNARD.—Love Like a Gipsy, 6/- ..... *Constable*

CAUSTON, J. F.—The Comedy of a Suburban Chapel, 6/- *Hutchinson*

CHILVERS, ETHEL.—Nellie: Or, A Chequered Life, 2/6 *Stockwell*
[The chequering might have been done with more reality. The author lacks ease in her art.]

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Mary Anne of Parchment Buildings, 6/- ... *Digby*
[Most of this tale is concerned with the tracing of a clever forgery, and with mesmerism. "Mary Anne" is beautiful, and loving, and good, and she lays down her life for the barrister whom she loves. The author should, however, not call her hero Edward and Herbert on the same page.]

CONNELL, F. NORREYS.—The Follies of Captain Daly, 6/- *Richards*
[Daly was a captain at seventeen, in spite of his folly; sixteen years later he was a captain still—because of it. But Daly was a good fellow, and his follies are generally funny and always rather fine to read of.]

CROKER, B. M.—Angel, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

CUNINGHAME, LADY FAIRLIE.—The Little Saint of God, 6/- *Hurst & Blackett*

DAVIDSON, MARY M.—Edward the Exile, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*
["Edward the Exile" was the father of St. Margaret of Scotland. The narrative is vigorous and convincing, and impresses the historic characters upon the reader with strong reality.]

DELANNOY, BURFORD.—Between the Lines. Illustrated. 2/- *Ward, Lock*
["Sir George Grayne was arriving at that age when pettishness sets in." If the pettishness in any way led to the engagement of Miss Evelyn Westcar as companion-governess to his stepdaughter, it was well punished; for Miss Evelyn Westcar was a lurid female, with a past—and a future, and she and crime stride horribly through the book.]

DILL, BESSIE.—The Lords of Life, 6/- ..... *Long*
[Primarily the story of a girl who possessed a huge capacity both for suffering and enjoyment. The novel is good, showing insight, and feeling, and ending with a pretty proposal which, when baulked in a pantry, comes to a successful ending in a cart-shed.]

DIXIE, LADY FLORENCE.—Little Cherie, 1/- ..... *Treherne*
[A "racing novel" which will do no harm, in spite of jockeying, a mésalliance, and the purchase of a large stretch of land in Matabeleland for a farm for improving the breed of zebras.]

DOUGLAS, GEORGE.—The House with the Green Shutters *Macqueen*

ESLER, E. RENTOUL.—The Awakening of Helena Thorpe, 3/6 *Partridge*
[A love-story which begins with an "Auld Robin Gray" tendency, and ends with a twist in the other direction. A piece of domestic fiction, shrewd, bright, and quite proper.]

FAIRLESS, MICHAEL.—The Gathering of Brother Hilarius, 2/6 net *Murray*

FENN, GEO. MANVILLE.—The Cankerworm, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

FLANDRAU, CHARLES MACOMB.—The Diary of a Freshman, 4/- *Heinemann*
[A breezy chronicle of a Freshman's career from the day on which, sitting in his newly-furnished room, he wrote in his diary, "Mamma left for home this afternoon," to the day when he had become a "full-fledged Dickey man," with one or two tried friends and oceans of experience.]

GRIFFITH, GEORGE.—Captain Ishmael, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

GUTHRIE, RAMSAY.—Idylls of Rosehill, 2/6 ..... *Stockwell*
[A collection of homely, kindly stories, written with power.]

HEADLAM, CECIL.—The Marriage of Mr. Molyneux, 6/- *Hurst & Blackett*

HEALY, CHRIS.—The Work of his Hands, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

HEWLETT, MAURICE.—New Canterbury Tales, 6/- ..... *Constable*

HODGES, ALBERT H.—Margaret, 2/- ..... *Stockwell*
[Amateurish to a degree.]

HOLLAND, CLIVE.—Mousmé, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

IRVING, THEO.—Half Way to Hades, 3/6 ..... *Milne*
[Percy Moore "daily cursed his destiny." Then his eyesight became affected and he underwent a somewhat theatrical but unique operation. When it was over his eyes were as Röntgen

rays, and he saw everyone in his bones, with soul and thought working. As a man of business he prospered, but as a private individual he suffered tortures. One day, however, someone handed him a pair of spectacles——. The book is thrilling.]

JOKAI, DR. MAURUS.—Manasseh. Translated by Percy Favor Bicknell ..... *Macqueen*

KEIGHTLEY, SAMUEL R.—A Man of Millions, 6/- ..... *Cassell*

KEITH, LESLIE.—Penance, 6/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

KEMP, GERALDINE.—Ingram, 6/- ..... *Chapman & Hall*

LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Court of Honour, 6/- ..... *White*

LUDLOW, JAMES M.—Deborah, 6/- ..... *Nisbet*

[A dramatic story of the times of Judas Maccabæus; a stirring, roomy narrative, historically true.]

MACLAREN, IAN.—Young Barbarians, 6/- ... *Hodder & Stoughton*

MACNAUGHTAN, S.—The Fortune of Christina M'Nab, 6/- *Methuen*

MARCHMONT, A. W.—For Love or Crown, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

MARTIN, MRS. CHARLES.—Miss Pauncefort's Peril, 6/- ..... *Long*

MASON, FINCH.—"Mad" Lorrimer ..... *Treherne*

[A collection of sporting tales, short, and a little thin, perhaps.]

MCLAWS, LAFAYETTE.—When the Land was Young. Illustrated. 6/- *Constable*

MEADE, L. T.—Wheels of Iron, 6/- ..... *Nisbet*

MEE, HUAN.—Wheels Within Wheels, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*

[An ordinary Englishman standing on a country platform sees a struggle between two women in a passing express. This sets him on the track of a most villainous and sensational plot, which includes the branding of a beautiful girl, and threatens the safety of those in high places. The end of the drama leaves the stage considerably thinned, and the Czar of all the Russias considerably lighter of heart.]

MITCHELL, S. WEIR.—Circumstance, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

MONTRÉSOR, F. F.—The Alien, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

OXENHAM, JOHN.—Our Lady of Deliverance, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

PARKER, ERIC.—The Sinner and the Problem, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

PERRIN, A.—East of Suez, 6/- ..... *Treherne*

PETERSON, MAUD HOWARD.—The Potter and the Clay, 6/- *Hodder & Stoughton*

QUILLER COUCH, A. T.—The Laird's Luck, and Other Fireside Tales, 6/- ..... *Cassell*

REDLOCK, ALEC. F.—Osmunda, My Queen, 3/6 ..... *Stockwell*

[A book which will thoroughly entertain many young persons, and will not harm one.]

R. J. M.—From Loneliness to Love, 1/- net ..... *Stockwell*

[An ingenuous story, with no confusing subtleties.]

ROBERTON, MARGARET H.—A Gallant Quaker. Illustrated. 6/- *Methuen*

[The "gallant Quaker," though devout and conscientious enough as a rule, could shelve his peaceableness when his blood was up. The tale is one of the seventeenth century, beginning with a Quaker meeting raided by soldiers. There is plotting and love-making also, and the non-resisting people managed to provide a pretty show of adventure.]

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